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JULY 1964

Together®

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

In This Issue:

GENERAL CONFERENCE WRAP-UP

Minister to 3 National Parks

Pastors' Wives Air Their Gripes

Let's Stop Urban Sprawl!

(See page 16)

Service by the Sea

OUT PAST the stretch of white sand, beyond the tall wooden cross, summer clouds float high over shimmering water as the choir sings: "O Master, let me walk with thee / In lowly paths of service free...." The Rev. T. L. Butts, Jr., preaches on man's use—and misuse—of time, and for many among the 300 vacationers on the Alabama beach, both place and sermon are fitting for this, another in a series of Galilean summer services begun here 13 years ago by the Rev. Robert L. Hagood.

True, nearby towns are named Foley, Fairhope, and Mobile—not Capernaum, Magdala, or Tiberias—but in imagination the Gulf of Mexico becomes the Sea of Galilee, and time rolls back nearly 20 centuries to the beautiful inland lake where Jesus found his disciples and spent much of his ministry.

The Sunday services at Gulf Shores, Ala. —7:30 a.m., early May through Labor Day—are sponsored by nearby Foley Methodist Church on the waterfront property of Olney Enfinger, Montgomery.

"Our services," says Mr. Butts, pastor at Foley, "are reminiscent of our Lord's when he preached to the masses on the hillsides of Palestine beside the Syrian sea."

It does not matter that the remote Sea of Galilee (13 miles long by 8 at its widest) is dwarfed by the vast, weather-breeding gulf. The spirit of the Man of Galilee walks here, on an Alabama beach, as he did walk there centuries ago.

New family in your neighborhood?

When a young married couple moves into a new home, the world is suddenly a strange place to them. To help them feel comfortable with their new neighbors, take them a cake and this issue of TOGETHER. It's always nice to *give* something and TOGETHER can mean so much. It could lead to their enrolling that fine young man in your church school.

Point out an article they will enjoy and invite them to church next Sunday. This very issue of TOGETHER could be that spark of friendliness needed to get them to accept your invitation.

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(*Advertisement*)

The Church in Action

GENERAL CONFERENCE, 1964:

Expect Decisive Action This Summer On Plan to End Central Jurisdiction

Cy Hungerford in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

"A Persistent Visitor"

The News: Major steps toward dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction are expected this summer as organizational units of The Methodist Church—from jurisdictions to local churches—pursue a plan of action outlined early in May by the 1964 General Conference. While emphasizing voluntarism, the plan strongly urges all possible speed in eliminating the denomination's organizational symbol of segregation.

Background: The 858 delegates—half of them ministers, half laymen—who convened in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 27 for the quadrennial meeting confronted many important and difficult issues. There were reports to be heard on the ministry, on the episcopacy, on Methodist periodicals, on a revised Methodist *Hymnal*, on the proposed merger with the Evangelical United Brethren, on autonomy for Methodist bodies overseas, on reorganization of the Board of Missions—plus consideration of many other subjects, ranging from the quadrennial World Service budget to minor details of institutional housekeeping.

Overshadowing all deliberations of the two-week policy-making session, however, was the matter of The Methodist Church and race. The prime focus of this thought was the 375,000 member Central Jurisdiction, established in 1939 at the Uniting Conference of The Methodist Church to serve primarily Negro congregations. Discussion of a plan of action to eliminate the Central Jurisdiction consumed nearly 10 hours of conference floor time—far and away the most extensive conference deliberation. Additional hours were spent discussing other means of making The Methodist Church a truly inclusive fellowship with strong, clear positions on race equality.

The Plan of Action: Under the legislation adopted by the General Conference, elimination of the Central Jurisdiction involves these steps:

1. Realignment of its own annual conference boundaries by the Central Jurisdiction so that each conference falls entirely within the boundaries of one of the five geographic jurisdictions;
2. Merger of these realigned Central Jurisdiction annual conferences into the geographic jurisdictions, according to the voluntary procedures specified in Amendment IX to the Methodist Constitution;
3. Merger within each jurisdiction of former Central Jurisdiction conferences with present annual conferences, so that all Methodist congregations—including those which remain all-Negro or all-white—will be within one conference in a geographic region.

To help in the implementation of these steps, the General Conference:

1. Established a Temporary General Aid Fund of $500,000 for the 1964-68 quadrennium, to be used for raising minimum salaries and maintaining a standard minimum pension rate. At present, most salaries and all pensions of the 17 Central Jurisdiction annual conferences and of the Rio Grande (Spanish-speaking) Conference are below levels of other conferences.
2. Established a new Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations which will report to a special session of the General Conference in 1966 (where action will be restricted to proposed Methodist-EUB merger) on progress toward elimination of the Central Jurisdiction. The commission is charged with helping implement the overall plan of action.
3. Authorized voting in any order by bodies involved in a transfer of Central Jurisdiction churches or conferences, according to the provisions of Amendment IX.
4. Specified retention by Central Jurisdiction representatives of seats on denominational boards and agencies even after transfers of Central Jurisdiction churches or conferences.
5. Outlined full utilization of Central Jurisdiction bishops in the geographic jurisdictions as the conferences and episcopal areas they currently oversee are merged.

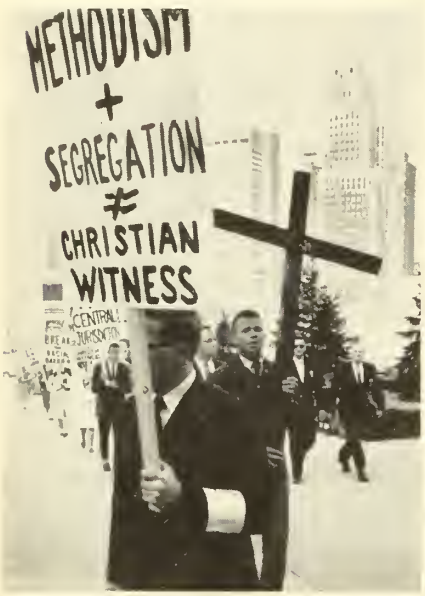
The Timetable: Charles C. Parlin, New York attorney and chairman of the 1960-64 Commission on

nterjurisdictional Relations, declared that adoption of the plan of action was "a giant step toward the inclusive church for which we all are working. It is my hope that by the end of this quadrennium [1968] we shall have seen the end of the Central Jurisdiction."

The first step will be taken in Daytona Beach, Fla., June 16-21, when the Central Jurisdiction meets and is expected to realign the boundaries of its conferences to fall within boundaries of the geographic jurisdictions. With that done, the five other jurisdictions—all of which meet in the period of June 24 to July 12—can take action.

Preliminary steps already have been taken in several areas to implement transfers as early as possible. One transfer in the making is of the Lexington Conference of the Central Jurisdiction into the North Central Jurisdiction. Conferees announced at General Conference their hope of accomplishing this transfer by July 12 this year. Other mergers expected by the Interjurisdictional Commission early in the quadrennium include the Delaware and Washington Annual Conferences (Central Jurisdiction) into the Northeastern Jurisdiction, and the Central West and the Southwest Annual Conferences into the South Central Jurisdiction.

If, by September 1, 1967, the Central Jurisdiction has not been dissolved by procedures outlined in the Plan of Action and Amendment IX, the new Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations is directed to draft a report to the 1968 General Conference on how to terminate the Central Jurisdiction.



Demonstrators parade in an orderly and quiet manner at a "kneel-in" outside the Civic Arena during a Saturday morning General Conference session.

The Mood of the Conference: The Episcopal Address, delivered at the opening session, declared: "We believe that this General Conference should insist upon the removal from its structure of any mark of racial segregation and we should do it without wasting time." This set a tone of urgency that prevailed through the conference—and was augmented by the occasional presence of pickets outside the Civic Arena where general sessions were held.

At the end of the first week, from 12:01 a.m. to 6 a.m. Saturday morning, well over 1,000 persons attended "Living Memorial" services in two downtown churches. Sponsored by an unofficial group self-named "Methodists for Church Renewal," the rally was called to urge speedy, decisive action on making Methodism an inclusive church. Eight bishops were among the speakers who appeared before the double assembly. The next morning, during regular plenary sessions, about 800 persons entered the arena's galleries as a group and stood while the Rev. James Laird of Central Methodist Church, Detroit, an MCR leader and General Conference delegate, read a statement representing their views.

During the second week, following adoption of the plan of action for dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction, many actions were taken which further spelled out and implemented the denomination's race policy. Perhaps the most significant one was the 464 to 362 vote that the Central Jurisdiction *not* be made a part of the plan of merger to be developed with the Evangelical United Brethren Church. This was done with full realization that a merger plan is likely to be voted on at the 1968 General Conference, and could not be put into effect if any portion of the Central Jurisdiction still existed.

One memorial urging passage of a strong civil rights bill in this session of the Congress was approved and ordered sent to all members of the U.S. Senate for inclusion in the *Congressional Record*. Another declaration, "The Methodist Church and Race," stirred strong debate when it endorsed civil disobedience within carefully prescribed limits. It passed with this rewording:

". . . In rare instances where legal recourse is unavailable or inadequate for redress of grievances from laws or their applications that, on their face, are unjust or immoral, the Christian conscience will obey God rather than man."

Later in the week, by a vote of 441 to 312, the conference authorized establishment of a fund to aid ministers and laymen who suffer economic distress as a result of their efforts to end segregation within or outside the church. Money will be raised by a special voluntary offering, and administered by the Interboard Commission on the Local Church.

Methodists from over the U.S., who went to General Conference to urge an end to segregation in the church, met in two local churches for an all-night freedom rally.

Significance: As the conference ended after two highly charged, strenuous weeks, most delegates seemed to feel that The Methodist Church had stepped forward as far as it could at this time. Some, including several from overseas, voiced frustration that the church had not taken an even more vigorous position—even to the use of coercion as necessary to achieve speedy dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction. Others, however, emphasized that the process must be voluntary to succeed at all,

and in the last few sessions pleaded that no more salt [additional legislation on race] be rubbed in the wounds of the church.

The General Conference of 1964, however, did stress as never before the urgency of eradicating the stigma of the Central Jurisdiction. Delegates were pledged to return to their homes and do not only what the conference had spelled out, but anything else that would help remove the blight of racial segregation from their church and their nation.

Methodists Express Desire For Union With EUB Church

Union of The Methodist Church with the Evangelical United Brethren denomination was brought closer to reality, probably in 1968, by action of the Methodist General Conference.

Methodist delegates voted in Pittsburgh to record their desire for the union and agreed to meet in a special session to determine details of the merger in October, 1966.

The special Methodist Church meeting will be scheduled at the same time and probably in the same city where the EUB General Conference holds its regular quadrennial session. The EUB General Conference of 1966 is presently scheduled for Wichita, Kans.

Commissions of the two churches are to continue preparation of a plan of union. The Methodist negotiators were instructed not to include the segregated structure of the Central Jurisdiction in plans for the merged church. Although the 1966 Methodist meeting will consider no matters outside the area of church union, it was agreed that a report on progress toward elimi-

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Two Weeks in Pittsburgh

THE CITY'S Golden Triangle—an area of magnificent steel, stone, and aluminum skyscrapers—glowed with welcome lights in every window on opening night, an unforgettable display, in Pittsburgh.

On the second Sunday night, the great steel dome of the Civic Arena opened ponderously to the starry sky, for all the world like a giant, red-hearted flower.

For two weeks, streams of people poured up and down the hill, termed "cardiac knoll" by some.

But the important thing in Pittsburgh, as far as Methodists were concerned, took place on the broad arena floor where 858 delegates to the 1964 General Conference held their sessions, sometimes far into the night.

Pittsburgh's hospitality was shiny and bright, and delegate-guests were a well-dressed, intelligent, extremely well-behaved multitude. They came from all parts of the world, and they meant business.

A maid in one hotel said there were more occupied rooms to clean each morning, "But I can do them twice as fast because you folks don't leave a lot of cigarettes and bottles lying around."

Not even the Methodists knew how many people were there. They thronged hotel lobbies in traffic-jam numbers. Some people believe there may not be any place in the world big enough to handle a Methodist General Conference. Pittsburgh's convention arena is one of the newest and finest, but when the city gave its special Methodist program, thousands had to be turned away from the huge 13,000-seat auditorium.

A typical delegate (actually there is no such thing) spent long hours in committee meetings, usually in hotels, where the bulk of conference business was handled. He climbed the hill several times a day to become one man at a table in a sea of faces spread across a floor seemingly as large as a football field. He voted as he believed on issues before the church, usually raising his hand. If he wanted to speak (and only a small percentage of the delegates ever do), he went to one of several microphones after recognition from the chairman. He received $16 a day, plus traveling expenses.

Almost any delegation could be represented, for example, by that from the Missouri West Annual Conference—five ministers and five laymen representing some 143,000 Methodist constituents in an area ranging from Kansas City to Springfield and the Arkansas line. They arrived in Pittsburgh by plane, train, and automobile. Several were accompanied by their wives, and one brought his six-year-old daughter. At least half had attended previous conferences as delegates.

The Rev. Ross A. Fulton, leader of the ministerial group and a district superintendent, explained his delegation "had no axes to grind; we came to do what is right."

Mrs. Ernest Mehl, leader of the lay delegation, is the wife of a Kansas City sportswriter. The only other woman delegate was Mrs. W. L. Perryman of Kansas City, well known throughout the church for her activities in missions and the Woman's Society.

Average age of the Missouri West delegation was 49. Youngest, at 36, was the Rev. Lycurgus M. Starkey, Jr., associate professor of church history at St. Paul School of Theology-Methodist, Kansas City.

Other members of the delegation —a cross section of Methodism and America—included N. Guy Hall, manufacturer of concrete building blocks; George Seiberling, a farmer; and Hugh DuBois, an optometrist. The remaining ministerial delegates were Hauser Winter, Forrest L. Standard, and Robert N. Arbaugh. □

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Remember, cancer is *not* hopeless, if it is detected in time and properly treated. But proper treatment, as you may know, is very expensive. That is why it is wise to have adequate *medical insurance right now* to protect yourself and your family against the heavy expenses of this dread disease. This is especially true now that you can get this protection from GOLD STAR at such low cost!

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You *know* that there is a very real chance that some member of your family may someday contract cancer. With GOLD STAR protection, you *also know* that if this should ever happen, you can secure the very best medical and hospital care available, and you will have adequate funds — up to $2,500.00 — to meet even a prolonged illness of up to 30 months!

The Application Form at right will bring you this GOLD STAR Policy, if you qualify, for 10 days FREE examination, without obligation! We urge you to fill out the form *now* and mail it *today!*

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Mail application below and see for yourself all the guaranteed benefits you can get for as little as $10 a year!

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CITY_____ STATE_____

Date of Birth:_____
Month Day Year

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I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

(Do NOT include name that appears above)

A. _____
NAME RELATIONSHIP DATE OF BIRTH

B. _____

C. _____

D. _____

1. Have you or any member above listed smoked within the past six months? ☐ Yes ☐ No
2. Has any person listed in this application ever been afflicted with Cancer, Leukemia, Hodgkin's Disease, or received a blood transfusion? ☐ Yes ☐ No

   If yes, state name of afflicted person, name of the sickness, date contracted and name and address of the attending doctor:

   _____

   _____
3. I hereby apply to the National Liberty Life Insurance Company of Pennsylvania for a GOLD STAR policy (GSN 101 R 5-64) based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to ninety days from the effective date of the insurance and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions, and that this application shall not be binding upon the Company until accepted by the Company and policy issued.

The Gold Star Plan policies, available, effective and paying claims in all 50 states, are underwritten by the

NATIONAL LIBERTY LIFE INSURANCE CO., Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

which is licensed solely under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and which carries full legal reserves for the protection of its policyholders.

GSN 101 R 5-64

Mail application to —

DE MOSS ASSOCIATES, INC. — Valley Forge, Pa.

General Conference Sketchbook

By *FLOYD A. JOHNSON*, Art Editor

We stayed here—a hard walk up, an easy walk down, from the big Civic Arena. Between sessions, the lobby was crowded.

This is where we got our badges, found friends, had our questions answered. Folks here were very courteous to us.

Methodism's worldwide reach came closer to home when we talked to delegates and visitors in colorful national dress.

General Conference, 1964

(*Continued from page 5*)

nation of the Central Jurisdiction will be on the agenda.

If a plan of union is adopted by the Methodist and EUB General Conferences in 1966, it will be submitted to annual conferences of both denominations for approval.

Few details of the plan of union were discussed by the Methodist delegates in Pittsburgh, but they did indicate a desire to retain the name of The Methodist Church instead of the proposed "United Methodist" designation. They had been told by EUB Bishop Reuben H. Mueller that members of his church do not consider the question of the new church's name to be of overriding significance. He said EUB opposition to the union is limited to small pockets of regional resistance.

On other questions of church union, the Methodist conferees voted to "make known the willingness" to enter discussions with other U.S. Methodist bodies, particularly the three Negro denominations—African Methodist Episcopal, African Methodist Episcopal Zion, and Christian Methodist Episcopal. They voted also to approach British Methodists concerning possibilities of union and to continue participation in the Consultation on Church Union with Presbyterian, Episcopal, United Church of Christ, Disciples of Christ, and EUB denominations. In the six-way talks, however, Methodist commission members were instructed to make clear the principal areas of special Methodist concern.

The General Conference voted to establish a Commission for Ecumenical Affairs with office and staff, replacing two present commissions and taking over the duties of both. An annual budget of $40,000 for the new body was approved, and an $8,000 appropriation was voted for the ad hoc committee which will handle preparation of the Methodist-EUB union plan.

Conference Takes No Action To Reduce Orders of Clergy

Methodism's 1964 General Conference failed to agree on whether two orders of the Methodist ministry (deacon and elder) should be reduced to one, as recommended in the four-year study by a special committee.

The question was referred to a new committee for at least two more years of study.

New recommendations of the committee could play a part in the plan of union with the Evangelical United Brethren Church, for which a special session of the General Conference will be called in 1966.

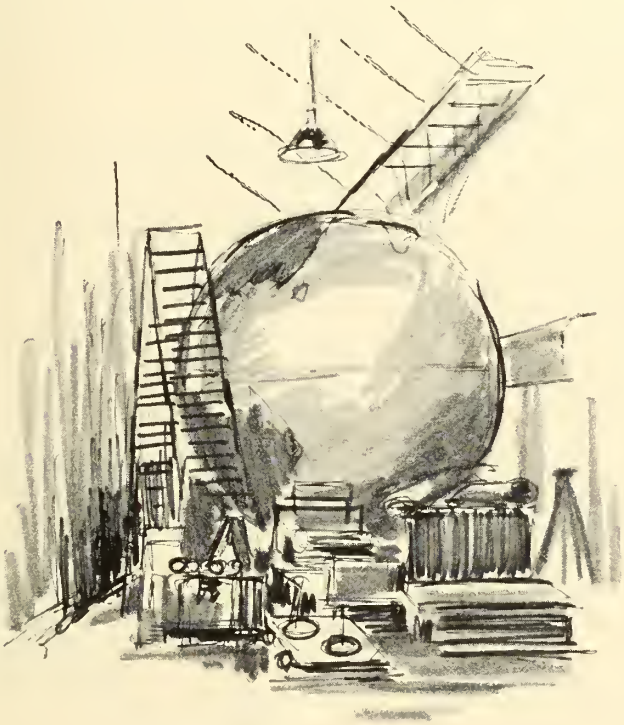
A proposal to lower the retirement age of ministers from 72 to 70 was defeated in Pittsburgh by a nearly two-thirds vote of delegates.

In other legislation, the conference voted to require a high-school education for a license to preach, unless the candidate is more than 25 years old.

Part-time approved supply pastors

Very much a part of the conference was our 101-year-old senior bishop, Herbert Welch (left); and active in floor debate was Chester A. Smith, 79, a lay delegate for the 13th time.

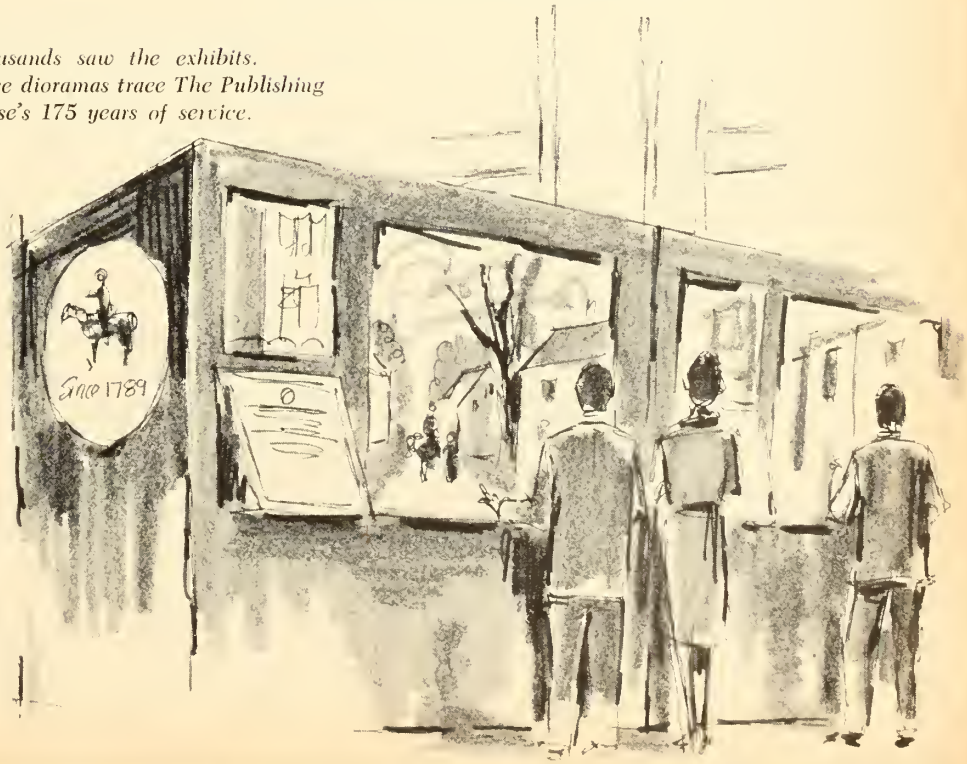
The bishops' wives sat in a reserved section and took great interest in the sessions.



This is the way it looked backstage before Kyrie, *a morality play, impressed a large night-time audience.*

The debates didn't always end on the conference floor—often they continued during coffee breaks.

Thousands saw the exhibits. These dioramas trace The Publishing House's 175 years of service.



Busiest man was Edwin Hammock, the stenotypist, who took down all the proceedings for a permanent record of the 1964 General Conference.

may be authorized to administer the sacrament of Baptism and the marriage rite only if they are in good standing in the ministerial course of study.

All ministerial candidates are encouraged to study in accredited theological schools, and there are stronger rules for local pastors in the course of study.

New ministers now will be required to pledge abstinence from alcohol as well as tobacco, but "without implying moral superiority." The bishops have been asked to lead the church in a four-year ministerial recruitment program.

In the thick of action on two major General Conference issues were Dr. Harold A. Bosley (left), chairman of the legislative Committee on Christian Social Concerns, and Dr. Charles C. Parlin (right), chairman of the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations, who presented reports on the proposed Methodist-EUB merger and the plan for eliminating the Central Jurisdiction within the next four years.

To Vote on Lay Amendments

During the next four years, Methodism's 97 annual conferences will vote on two constitutional amendments designed to strengthen the voice of the laity at the conference level.

Both amendments were approved by the General Conference for submission to the annual conferences for ratification before the 1968 General Conference session.

They would:

- Make both conference lay leaders and presidents of the conference Woman's Society of Christian Service members of the annual conference.
- Allow a church to send as many lay delegates to its annual conference as it has full-time, nonretired ministers on its staff.

Alcohol Stand Unchanged Despite Minority Effort

Methodism's historic stand for total abstinence was reaffirmed by the General Conference, and no change was made in the church *Discipline*'s requirement that official board members refrain from all use of intoxicating beverages.

Methodists also were urged to join in seeking solutions to alcohol problems. Programs of education in church and school, rehabilitation for alcoholics, legal controls, and research were endorsed.

An effort was made by some delegates to temper the church's position. While concurring with the stand for total abstinence, they proposed adding the phrase, "though we recognize that sincere Christians may differ." The proposal was soundly defeated.

On the question of tobacco, the conference called on Methodists to give vigorous support to proposed federal rules prohibiting health claims in cigarette advertising and requiring warning statements in cigarette advertisements and on cigarette wrappers. Local churches were urged to plan programs to discourage youth from smoking, and individual Methodist smokers were challenged "to consider prayerfully the weight of their influence" and to abstain from smoking.

Approve New Book of Worship

An enlarged and revised Methodist *Book of Worship* will be available within six months.

The General Conference approved the revision which represents eight years of work by the Commission on Worship. It takes a more contemporary approach to most of the services, rites, and Sacraments of the church. Also for the first time the church's *Book of Worship* will use the Revised Standard Version of the Bible for most Scripture readings and quotations.

Another change in the order for the sacrament of Holy Communion will allow laymen to distribute the Communion elements to worshipers in the pews in addition to the serving of the elements at the Communion rail by pastors.

The first 100,000 copies of the book are expected to be published in about six months.

Quadrennial World Service Budget Increased 20 Percent

A record-breaking $18 million-a-year budget has been approved to conduct the worldwide work of 13 national and international agencies of The Methodist Church for the next four years.

The 1964-68 World Service budget approved by the General Conference calls for a 20 percent increase in the amount to be raised in the four years over the $15 million-a-year budget for the 1960-64 quadrennium.

The increase will be reflected in the World Service apportionments passed down to the 97 annual conferences. These increases in turn will show up in the conference apportionments given to local churches.

The General Board of Missions will receive the largest share of the budget —$9 million annually. Other general boards getting sizable amounts include: Board of Education, $2.2 million; Board of Christian Social Concerns, $565,000; Commission on Promotion and Cultivation, $801,515; Board of Evangelism, $385,000; Board of Lay Activities and the Television, Radio and Film Commission, $350,000 each.

The budget also calls for an expenditure of $1,660,000 annually to train Methodist ministers. The amount going to Negro educational institutions was increased to $500,000, double the amount previously designated.

The General Conference also approved $608,850 a year for the Interdenominational Co-operation Fund, part of which goes to the National and World Councils of Churches; and $937,893 a year for the general administration and episcopal funds. The latter two funds finance the administration of a variety of agencies, and the salaries, pensions, and expenses of the bishops.

New Hymnal Ready Late 1965

Methodist churches are expected to be able to begin using their denomination's new *Hymnal* by late 1965.

Midst generally laudatory remarks and with only one amendment, which was defeated for lack of a second, the General Conference overwhelmingly approved the proposed new *Methodist Hymnal*—the first revision since 1935. [See *The Proposed Revised Hymnal: Some Things Old, Some Things New*, April, page 3.]

Bishop Gerald Kennedy of Los Angeles predicted the new hymnal would become known as "the greatest

Protestant hymnal of this century."

Delegates from Malaya, Liberia, and India, as well as the United States, praised the "world view" taken in the hymnal. Texts and tunes are from France, China, Finland, Sweden, and many other countries. One Negro delegate expressed pleasure that "at last" Negro spirituals were being included in Methodist hymnody.

The major dissenting note was in the form of a motion asking that *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* be deleted because it was a Civil War battle cry. The motion was not seconded.

When one delegate questioned usefulness of the hymnal in view of the anticipated merger of the Evangelical United Brethren and Methodist churches, he was assured that 70 percent of the content of a new EUB hymnal appears in the new Methodist book.

Lovick Pierce, president and publisher of The Methodist Publishing House, announced it would take at least 18 months to clear rights and publish the hymnal, which is expected to cost about $3 per copy.

Negro to Top Church Post

Bishop Prince A. Taylor of the Monrovia, Liberia, Area is the first Negro to be elected president-designate of the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church.

Bishop Taylor

He is 57 and is former assistant president of Methodist-related Bennett College in North Carolina, and former editor of CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. He has held a number of important church posts.

Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke of New York was named as president of the council at its annual session preceding the General Conference.

Bishops' Retirement Age Lowered, Transfers Eased

Four years of study by a special committee and several hours of debate in Pittsburgh have lead the General Conference of 1964 to lower the retirement age of bishops and to clarify rules for leave and special assignment. Now it will be easier for bishops to transfer from one jurisdiction to another, as other ministers do already.

To facilitate transfer, an interjurisdictional committee on episcopacy would meet during General Conference, beginning in 1968. Meanwhile, in each jurisdiction, the Committee

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3	23 lbs., 4 ozs.	$4.99 each
4	30 lbs., 4 ozs.	$4.96 each
5	37 lbs., 4 ozs.	$4.93 each
6	44 lbs., 4 ozs.	$4.90 each
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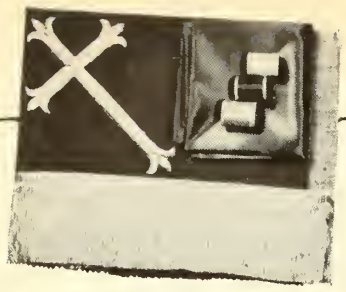

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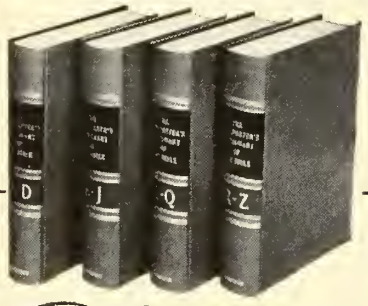

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on Episcopacy will be constituted according to the 1960 *Discipline.*

Maximum retirement age for all bishops has been changed from 74 to 72. A bishop may retire anytime after age 65, but on full salary only if he remains available for assignment. Now he may retire any time during the quadrennium. He can be retired for health impairment by a one-third vote of his College of Bishops.

An active bishop now may be given a special church-wide assignment, for a year at a time, instead of his normal responsibility in an area. By another new rule, bishops are eligible for sabbatical leave after eight years of service.

The Conference also established that a newly elected bishop may not be assigned to the area in which he was an annual conference member.

For the present there is no change in the total number of bishops within the church. The ratio of membership which controls the number of bishops remains unchanged, based on one bishop for each 500,000 church members. A move to grant retired bishops the vote in the Council of Bishops was defeated.

A new rule will allow election of bishops to fill vacancies occurring within 24 months of the preceding Jurisdictional Conference.

Methodists in Five Lands Permitted Autonomy Status

Methodists in five foreign countries now have permission to become affiliated autonomous churches as a result of action taken by the General Conference in Pittsburgh. The countries: Burma, Cuba, Liberia, Sumatra (part of Indonesia), and Pakistan. In all cases, however, the churches may continue their present status within The Methodist Church if they choose to do so.

As affiliated autonomous churches, Methodists of these five countries would still be permitted to send delegates to Methodism's quadrennial General Conferences, and these delegates would be granted all rights and privileges of other delegates except the right to vote. Their relationship to The Methodist Church would be the same as that presently held by Methodists of Brazil, Mexico, and Korea.

In reporting to the General Conference, the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas said reasons for the overseas Methodists' request to achieve autonomy included the desire for fuller self-expression, the presence of nationalism and political difficulties in some areas, the desire for fuller participation in the ecumenical movement, and the desire to facilitate election of bishops.

There is need, the commission emphasized, for churches overseas to be free to seek ecclesiastical patterns which will best serve their inner life and their outward witness. Each church must determine for itself the most appropriate method of development for the future, the commission said.

To Implement Mission Board Reorganization in September

Armed with authority from the General Conference, Methodist Board of Missions leaders will meet in Chicago in September to implement reorganization of the board.

The General Conference unanimously approved the plan for extensive reorganization of the board which employs nearly 5,000 missionaries and other personnel and has an annual budget of $34 million. [See *Approves Board of Missions Reorganization Proposal*, December, 1963, page 4; *Board of Missions Approves Sweeping Structure Changes*, April, 1964, page 8.]

The new organization is designed to adapt the church's largest board to the demands of changing world conditions, and to provide for more effective administration and promotion of missions in the United States and overseas.

Major features of the plan include:

- One general secretary over all, with four associate general secretaries administering the World, National, and Woman's Divisions and the Joint Commission of Education and Cultivation.
- A single administration for national and overseas mission work replacing the dual administration of work in these fields by the Board and Woman's Division of Christian Service.
- Development of educational and training programs by the Woman's Division for Methodist women in Christian missions and social relations.
- A unified missions education and cultivation program for local churches.

1964-68 Emphasis Stresses Neighborhood Aid Program

Methodists will be asked during the next four years to pledge themselves to a year of voluntary service to help establish new congregations, to work in a mission or outpost church school, or to assist other churches in their communities.

To be known as the "Neighborhood-1 Program," the plan is part of the 1964-68 quadrennial emphasis program adopted by the General Conference.

The four-year emphasis also calls for congregational self-apprasial at the local, district, conference, national, and worldwide levels. Answers will be

sought to penetrating questions concerning the beliefs of individual Methodists, and the future of the church.

The program will be linked with the 25th anniversary of the union in 1939 of the three branches of Methodism, and the 200th anniversary of Methodism in America to be observed in 1966.

Church-State Questions To Be Given More Study

Acting rapidly in the closing day of their 1964 session, delegates to the General Conference declined to take action on 22 proposals which had been prepared by a special Study Commission on Church and State Relations. Instead, the commission's report was committed for further study to the Board of Christian Social Concerns, and the board was granted an $8,000 annual budget item to implement the work.

The 1960-64 commission, set up by the 1960 General Conference, had proposed continuation of the study by a new commission representing various Methodist agencies. [See *Separation of Church and State: What Does It Mean to Methodists?* May, page 3.]

Referral of the church-state report for four more years of study came as a jolt to members of the 1960-64 Study Commission and others who had expected the General Conference to make clear Methodist positions on several controversial questions. The report dealt with such matters as public aid to parochial schools, tax exemptions for churches and clergymen, religious liberty, and observance of church holy days in public schools.

In related action, however, the conference reversed its 1960 stand of giving specific commendation to the controversial organization Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State (POAU). Instead, the delegates voted a general resolution approving Methodist co-operation with any organization whose goals are in harmony with those of the church on social issues.

Television cameras film Bishop John J. Wright of the Pittsburgh diocese as he became the first Roman Catholic bishop ever to address a session of a Methodist General Conference.

The conference also declined to state a Methodist position with regard to the proposed "Becker Amendment" to the U.S. Constitution which deals with prayer and devotional Bible-reading in public schools. Hearings on the amendment were in progress in Washington at the time of the conference. By a 341 to 339 vote, the delegates referred the matter for further study.

On another current question, however, the conference adopted a resolution urging passage of "a strong civil rights bill in this session of the Congress." On a close show-of-hands vote, they also agreed to the sending of copies of this resolution to members of the U.S. Senate.

Layman *Stops Publication*

The *Methodist Layman*, which has gone to more than 40,000 readers as a publication of the General Board of Lay Activities, was discontinued with the June issue.

Growing sentiment in the church for reducing the number of church publications was cited by General Secretary Robert G. Mayfield as one of the factors in the decision. The board will publish an annual program guide book, an orientation handbook, and suggestions on programs, he said.

He also announced the names of Laymen of the Quadrennium honored at the General Conference in Pittsburgh. They are: R. Howard Berg,

CENTURY CLUB

Six Methodists, 100 or more years young, who are joining TOGETHER'S *Century Club this month are:*

Mrs. Grace Wood, 101, Danielson, Conn.
Mrs. Martha Jane Matthews, 100, Coal City, Ill.
Mrs. H. M. Frampton, 100, Tulsa, Okla.
Mrs. Mary Jane Williams, 100, Hammond, Ind.
Miss Julana Miller, 100, Waverly, Ohio.
Miss Carrie Holmes, 101, Grand Rapids, Mich.

In nominating persons for the Century Club, please give their present address, birth date, and where nominee has church membership.

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Melbourne, Fla., president of the general board; Joseph T. Johnson of Chicago, from Central Jurisdiction; Thomas B. Clay of Buffalo, N.Y., from Northeastern Jurisdiction; H. Owen DeWeese, Elwood, Ind., from North Central; Robert Lay, Shreveport, La., South Central; Roy Black, Nettleton, Miss., Southeastern; and George Atkinson, San Mateo, Calif., Western.

Modern-Day Changes Come To Famed Pittman Center

One of Methodism's oldest and best-known "mountain missions" in the Appalachian region is being changed to fit today's needs.

Pittman Center near Gatlinburg, Tenn., was started in 1921 to minister to an isolated area and was taken over in 1926 by Dr. Robert Thomas, who retired this May 31. Now a world-known figure in the home missions field, he had returned from service as a missionary in Malaya to take medical training, expecting to go back. He remained in the U.S. because of family illness.

The Methodist Division of National Missions, now curtailing some of Pittman's operations, will have a registered nurse to replace Dr. Thomas, and will close the store, no longer needed, which helped local people sell handcrafts. The community center program will be focused in the work of the Burnett Memorial Church with the division providing financial aid to the pastor and other workers.

The entire program will be largely managed by the Holston Annual Conference.

WCC Reports More Churches Moving Toward Mergers

Twenty-six church union proposals have reached the stage of actual merger negotiation, reports a World Council of Churches official.

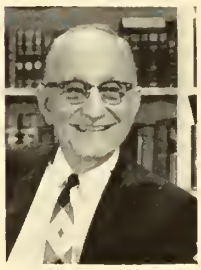
These negotiations involve 102 bodies in 30 countries, with many other bodies around the world discussing union propositions.

The Rev. Patrick C. Rodger of Geneva, Switzerland, presented the breakdown on merger talks to 200 representatives of Protestant and Orthodox churches at the recent United States Conference for the WCC in Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

Bishop Dawson Dies at 72

Methodist Bishop Dana Dawson, 72, died recently in Shreveport, La.

He headed the former Kansas-Nebraska Area from 1948-52 and Kansas Area until his retirement in 1960. He helped found the St. Paul School of Theology - Methodist in Kansas City, Mo.



Bishop Dawson

The bishop was born in Larrabee, Iowa, attending Methodist - related Morningside College and the University of Chicago. Early pastorates were in Oklahoma and Arkansas, with later appointment to First Church in Shreveport. He was a trustee of Southern Methodist University and several other schools.

He leaves his wife, Delma, a son, Dr. Dana Dawson, Jr., and daughter, Mrs. Keith Mason.

QUO & STATUS

One of three special entertainment programs at General Conference was "Kyrie," a modern, partly musical morality play satirizing many current church attitudes and practices. Written and produced by the Rev. E. Jerry Walker, pastor of First Church, Duluth, Minn., it included this song set to the tune of the popular song, "Love and Marriage."

Quo and Status,
Quo and Status,
Don't allow yourself to under-rate us.
We are influential;
We hold back the providential.

Quo and Status,
Quo and Status,
We declare an absolute hiatus
On all things progressive;
We find them to be oppressive.

Change, change, change is all around us:
It's a sad affliction.
Change, change, change will just disturb you;
That is our prediction.

Quo and Status,
Quo and Status,
Forward-looking people all berate us.
We are influential;
We hold back the providential.

Methodists in the News

Dr. Gaither P. Warfield, general secretary of the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, received from the Federal Republic of Germany its Officer's Cross of the Order of Merit, First Class, for his contribution toward rehabilitation of Germany. It was presented by President Heinrich Luebke.

Methodist Layman Palmer M. Smith of Tampa, Fla., member of Hyde Park Church, won second prize in a statewide real estate salesmen's and brokers' competition for his efforts to save the home of an elderly couple.

Dr. Percy J. Trevethan, executive vice president of Goodwill Industries of America, received the distinguished service award of the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped.

The Rev. Finis B. Jeffery of Bluff Dale, Tex., a Methodist missionary to Korea for 11 years, has been honored by the Korean government for his work in establishing "Wesley Clubs," church-related schools for poor children.

Dr. Leland D. Case, former editorial director of TOGETHER and CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, was one of three persons elected as honorary life members of the Associated Church Press at its annual meeting in Washington, D.C.

Who Is the Patriot?

By TERRY SANFORD
Governor of North Carolina,
active Methodist layman.

AT THIS MOMENT in history, the image of patriotism is being tampered with. Sometimes we are left questioning whether or not it is so noble a virtue.

Who is the patriot? Without reservation he is a person who loves his country and zealously supports and defends it and its interests.

But lately we have heard many zealous calls to patriotism, the cries coming loud and strong through the printed word, through rallies and forums and television, saying: "Hear me! Hear me! *I* am the most patriotic of all!" In reality this is the voice of the patrioteer, one who makes a great parade of his patriotic spirit or service, especially if his profit or way of life is to be subjected to change. With his nearsighted patriotism he thinks only of keeping peace in *our* country, keeping for *our* people *our* food, *our* wealth, *our* know-how, feeling the need for no one beyond *our* shores.

Then there is the pseudo-patriot, only a shade different from the patrioteer. Basing his "patriotism" on pretense and deceit, he is pharisaical in words and actions, and he can dangerously undermine values and purposes of people who do not seek out truth carefully.

Our nation would not have broken away from servitude to the mother country had it not been for patriots among our forefathers. They had no blueprint—they did not know if this newborn democracy would stand or fall, only that they must meet the challenge of freedom. They were men with vision and backbone, with confidence and great faith.

During intervening years men have been called on, time and time again, to defend their democracy with sacrifice—often with their lives. Even so, it is sometimes easier to be patriotic during war when you are one of the masses joined in a common goal than during peace when you can be left standing alone.

Today, when it seems the very world is shrinking, we need to think not only of our fellow countrymen as patriots but also of citizens of the world who deserve the tribute. Men and women of all nationalities and faiths are working, planning, dreaming, and weighing the good of all the world's peoples over the special interests of some.

Happiness and peace cannot be contained in a little corner of the universe while there is misery or ignorance or hunger or want or corruption or war only a few hours away. A patriot is not content with things as they are. He pushes open new frontiers in order to give people better opportunities for both their physical and their spiritual needs. He is concerned with morals and ethics, deplores preoccupation with status and security, cannot tolerate poverty, illiteracy, injustice.

And what of future generations? The patriot of our nation and our world must have imagination and vision, thinking beyond his generation to the ever-increasing number who must obtain a living from the land, protecting our natural resources for their comfort and our human resources for their fulfillment, inspiring them to their greatest potential and achievement.

A patriot in 1964 ought to use wisely the God-given faculties which are already his—eyes to see beyond now; a mouth to speak convictions; ears to stay attuned to the heartbeat of God's people; hands to reach out to help those who cannot help themselves; a heart to love God, country, and mankind; feet to explore; a mind with which to ferret out truth; a soul to replenish our faith; a spirit with which to soar.

A 1964 patriot, I believe, recognizes that all is not well amidst the pleasures and plenty and progress of our nation.

In America there remain tens of thousands whose family income is so low that daily subsistence is always in doubt. Tens of thousands go to bed hungry, get up hungry, go to school hungry. Tens of thousands live in houses which are a blight on the landscape, unfit by modern American standards for human habitation.

Tens of thousands of young people have no skills and no present likelihood of acquiring any skill. Tens of thousands are drawn into the schools from homes where school is not understood and not encouraged. Some never will find encouragement to complete even rudimentary education.

In short, there are tens of thousands whose dreams will die.

Some of this poverty is self-imposed and some is undeserved. All of it withers the spirit of children who neither imposed it nor deserve it. These are the children of poverty who tomorrow will become the parents of poverty.

I believe those who fight this war against poverty in our day are exhibiting the patriotism which will justify the sacrifices of other patriots at Valley Forge, the Marne, Bataan, the Bulge, the 38th Parallel.

Men are patriotic for many reasons. The Christian ought to be the most dedicated patriot of all. Striving to reflect the Spirit of God in his country and the world, he rises above narrow nationalism because he knows God is not hedged in by the boundaries and barriers that men erect between themselves. □

Man's remorseless encroachment on nature has blighted many acres of once beautiful land—and threatens even greater destruction. But aroused citizens are beginning to fight. Their battle cry:

Let's Stop Urban Sprawl

By CRAWFORD BENEDICT

IF YOU'VE recently taken a ride around our once-beautiful countryside, it's hardly news that an ugly invader is abroad in the land. We call it urban sprawl, and in most areas it continues unchecked.

Just how does one fight urban sprawl? The individual cannot prevent it; however, he can sharpshoot at the invader. He can combat it with local conservation in any of *four different ways.* But first, one must know the nature of the invader and the damage being done.

Urban sprawl looms out of runaway population growth and lack of planning. Its essence is more housing developments, more shopping centers, more factories, more roads and highways; less woodlands, less wildlife, less distance in our eyes. Urban sprawl is conquering our land at an estimated rate of 1 million acres a year. In the East, there emerges a "supercity" stretching from Boston to Washington, D.C. On the West Coast, a new word "slurbs" has been coined; California has been warned of the "wildfire, checkerboard pattern of slurban growth" which is rapidly destroying what has so long been beautiful.

But people are awakening. Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, after a recent swing through America, said his travels had convinced him "that the American people are alarmed at the forces permanently altering the vital man-to-land relationship of the past."

Many of our aroused communities still have time to build dikes, so to speak, around one or more local woodlands—perhaps around some area of unusual splendor—so that the flood of building will swirl past such sanctuaries and merely flow deeper into the countryside. In a number of communities, such rescue work has been done or is in process.

These grass-roots efforts at conservation are scattered, but they are growing. They consist of co-operation between individuals and groups who can be classified as *givers, guardians, promoters,* and *spotters*—an important role for every temperament, every talent.

First, meet the *givers.* They own enough property to donate some portion of woodland to a group which will protect it, or they donate money for local conservation.

In New Canaan, Sharon, and Newtown, Conn., patches of nature ranging in size from a few to several hundred acres have been handed over as gifts to protective groups. The donors knew that steady community growth is destroying our woodlands. One felt that local-school children needed a "living nature laboratory." Another believed her woodland was so spectacular that it should be permanently preserved. A third made the donation a memorial to parents whose ashes rest beneath a bronze plaque in the woodland.

Another strong motive among donors is a love of our fast-disappearing wildlife. In Pawling, N.Y., homeowners set aside 1,000 acres as a wildlife preserve.

In Ohio, two natural areas with a total of about 200 acres have been purchased largely through donations by three women's garden clubs of the Cincinnati area.

The *guardians* come next in the chain of local defense against urban sprawl. These are private groups which take title to woodlands from the *givers* or acquire them by other means, and then protect them from exploitation.

Why donate a woodland to a private group instead of the local government? In some cases, local public agencies receive and do adequately maintain a nature sanctuary. However, there are considerations pointing away from public guardianship.

To begin with, the local government tends to have enough to do without taking on the extra job of nature custodian. When the planning and maintaining of a nature center was discussed in Tenafly, N.J., the mayor and city council recommended that a group of residents form a nonprofit, tax-exempt membership organization to take charge.

BY DONATING to a private group, a donor can expect a dedicated concern for the property. Conservationists will wish to maintain the property's primitive nature. However, if the local government is handed a nature preserve, pressures may build up to make the preserve subservient to some practical motive.

Hunters are liable to pester government officials for permission to bang away at the wildlife. Economy seekers may urge that the trees be cut for lumber. And there are always those who would like to turn any bit of publicly owned wilderness into a recreational area.

Even the woods about Thoreau's famous Walden Pond could not escape the planning boards. Bulldozers were sent crashing into them

to extend local recreational facilities. Only a shocked outcry from people in many states and subsequent legal action prevented the completion of the project.

Of course, each town does need its town park. But a town also needs some unspoiled remnants of our once-great wilderness.

Larger or more spectacular natural areas often are donated to a national conservation society, a university, or a museum. Such guardians can be expected to hold the wilderness unmolested—as God, in his immeasurable wisdom, created it. However, more modest tracts of nature are conveniently guarded by nearby residents formed into a nonprofit organization.

In Newtown, Conn., for instance, three parcels of land (18, 3, and 47 acres) now are held by the Newtown Forest Association. This is an independent local group—a dynamic force in its community. Any citizen of the town may become a member by paying annual dues of $10.

The *promoters* are a third group involved in rescuing nature.

They get the ball rolling—urge people to give land or money to buy land. They know that time is running out, that urban sprawl is right behind them, ready to destroy what natural land they cannot rescue. Thus they are resourceful, determined in the face of obstacles.

A regular sales pitch used by members of the Newtown Forest Association goes like this:

"Many people have acquired acreage for privacy or country background. However, all privately held acreage is taxable. A gift of such land to our nonprofit, tax-exempt corporation removes a tax burden from the donor, and yet the land will still be a buffer against undesirable developments and provide a continuing country background."

The booklet *Give Your Cake and Have It*, putting forth this same selling idea, was prepared by the Citizens Committee of Indian Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Faith, it is said, can move mountains. Local angers, if irate enough, can promote action in a state legislature. In Monterey County, California, the sight of a hill being demolished for an interchange turned a peaceful community into an angry hive of bees. As a result, county leaders labored mightily and successfully for passage of a state bill for an easement plan.

IN THE purchase of an easement, a property itself is not purchased, but only a right in the property. For instance, highways are kept free of billboard advertising through the purchase of easements.

In Monterey County, embattled county leaders purchased easements on natural land to conserve the landscape. With these easements, they could prevent wooded properties from being subdivided, which meant that the land could not be broken up for residential development.

A scenic easement is a unique and effective weapon with which to fight urban sprawl. Moreover, it lowers the market price of a property so it will be cheaper if conservationists are able to purchase it later.

Money for the purchase of easements in Monterey County was diligently solicited and gifts of easements were asked and received free from estate owners—and all because of a hill!

Promotion-minded property owners in Morris County, N.J., helped keep a jetport out of a deer-inhabited area known as the Great Swamp. Donors in and out of the county pooled their funds and the American Wildlife Foundation was able to purchase 1,000 acres of the Great Swamp from under the very noses of the jetport experts. This land was then donated to the federal Department of the Interior as a wildlife refuge, from where it could only be dislodged by Act of Congress.

Hard-selling citizens of Greenwich, Conn., and nearby towns set their sights on magnificent Mianus Gorge, 227 acres along the Mianus River, and succeeded in having parts of it donated to their custody. They borrowed money to purchase the rest of it. To repay the loan, they promoted cash donations from over 4,000 neighbors and local organizations. When the smoke cleared, they were debt free and holding title to a wonder of nature worth about $150,000.

The money which had been loaned to the Greenwich group came from the Nature Conservancy, a national conservation society. Through grants and loans, it helps local groups purchase some unusual wild area in their community. It is one of the staunch allies of the local conservationists.

Spotters are the final group help-

Donations from many concerned citizens helped to save 227 acres of nature's beauty to be enjoyed at Mianus Gorge Natural Area near Bedford, Conn.

ing to rescue nature. One thing they do is co-operate with the Nature Conservancy. Discovering the faces of nature where they shine in special glory is not a sentimental pastime, but a hardheaded goal of the Conservancy. It welcomes information from spotters in any locality in the country about any spectacular bits of nature. It has helped to safeguard such areas as a stand of oaks in Minnesota, a stand of holly trees in Missouri, a stretch of original prairie in Ohio. Notify the Nature Conservancy (2039 K Street, N.W., Washington D.C. 20006) if there is some unusual area in your community you think should be saved.

Similarly, if you spot some abuse of an existing nature preserve, notify the Conservancy. It will take any needed steps whenever you warn that some "proposed action or operation [road building, clearing, drainage, logging, grazing, et cetera] imperils a preserve or other natural region which should be safeguarded against loss or damage."

DO YOU live near a large scenic area which is unprotected? In the role of spotter, you can perform a public service. The federal Department of the Interior suggests that you contact it or your state government concerning the possible acquisition of such an area as a federal or state park.

In the summer of 1961, the National Audubon Society established a Nature Centers Division to assist thickly populated communities in locating and managing a nature center. The division defines such a center as "a slice—as generous as possible—of native, natural America." It could be any area from only a few acres to one of several hundred acres in size.

Through the services of a local instructor, a nature center can form a basis for group activities—talks on nature and conservation, science-hobby meetings, trail making, and guided tours.

An ideal nature center has a building of some kind adjacent to its woodland, for indoor meetings and nature exhibits. On some 80 acres of timbered land at Stamford, Conn., a large rambling residence has been converted into a museum with lecture halls, exhibit rooms, and a small planetarium for visitors and interested groups.

A nature center or "green island" is considered of particular importance to boys and girls. In Albany, N.Y., an 80-acre nature center alongside a junior high school has the school children as "sanctuary guardians."

And so the struggle against urban sprawl grows in intensity. But the time left in which to rescue lingering patches of nature grows rapidly shorter.

You, too, can help by being *giver*, *guardian*, *promoter*, or *spotter*—or, as are others, a combination of these types.

If you and a group of neighbors need advice on setting up a local organization to safeguard nature, write to the Nature Conservancy or to the Nature Centers Division of the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10028.

Both of these societies not only co-operate with independent local groups but also maintain local society chapters in various areas of the country.

If you and your neighbors wish to go it alone on conservation, as does the Newtown Forest Association, take some advice from one of its dedicated members. He points out that a local group should set itself up as a charitable organization of the simplest type—and that a lawyer be recruited to draw up the necessary association papers.

In this way, aroused citizens in a growing number of communities are fighting back against urban sprawl. □

City Time

"All seasons move too slowly in the city,"
He said with vehemence. "A city spring
Comes poking in and almost rouses pity,
Shying at cold, scared stiff of everything.
A country spring comes rollicking and throwing
Flowers at you all at once until you're dizzy,
Heedless of frost or snow or icy blowing
Because it has a job to do—it's busy.
Same way with other seasons; all the trees
Start turning here in August and aren't good red
Till mid-November, and winters brawl and freeze
Clear into May. The plain fact is," he said,
Stating a theory entirely his,
"City time is the slowest time there is."

—JANE MERCHANT

War and Peace--and Our Back Fence

By JOANNE LEWIS

"MOMMY! Mommy! She did it again! That old Mrs. Polunski dumped a whole basket of trash over the fence, right on top of Bucky and me!"

Tommy's enraged cry brought me on the run. It was not the first time our crotchety old neighbor had trespassed against our family. But I meant it to be the last!

As I approached the wooden barricade, I met her counterfire: "Your boy is tearing up the fence, and you will have to pay for it.

"And the noise!" she fumed on. "On weekends your boys bounce their baseballs against the fence and yell until nobody in the whole neighborhood can sleep. And let me tell you, there is a petition going around to make you people move 'cause you don't care nothing about keeping up your property, won't make your kids mind, and are a disgrace to the whole block!"

She stalked into her house, leaving me with mouth agape, unable to utter a sputter in defense.

Bruised and humiliated, I retreated to brood over my next move. In rapid succession, I had an impulse to throw something back over the fence in answer to the trash barrage (dynamite would be fine), to call the police, or to flatten the old crone with an unladylike but satisfying left hook. But this kind of response to an angry act was the favorite method of our two small sons, and I knew the resultant mayhem never settled anything.

My husband, Mark, and I were trying hard to teach the boys other ways of dealing with their "interpersonal disputes." This bit of pompous nomenclature I had picked up from my husband's vocabulary. He is a student of labor relations and arbitration.

But surely that woman had to be set straight somehow. Hadn't she dumped her trash in our yard? And, o-o-o-h, what she said! This

was really what upset me most.

In a cheerful voice an octave too high, I phoned Mabel across the street, told her lightly of the backyard incident, relaying the charge about the petition, carefully disguised as a what-will-she-think-of-next type joke. What a relief to hear Mabel laugh—real, genuine, unembarrassed laughter—as the threat of the neighborhood ostracism burst like a soap bubble.

So! Mrs. Polunski was using the vicious, old, and often effective propaganda trick of the Big Lie to intimidate us. She really needed it, too, I decided, for her case against us, without it, was shaky, indeed. Thank heavens I had checked for facts.

More confident now, I called another friend living in the block, just to make sure. Then, knowing positively that the petition was a Big Lie I sat back to plan my revenge, a strategy to spring my accusation where it would wound my enemy most deeply. I had her now!

By the time Mark was due home that evening, the vindictive glow had begun to dissolve into more disturbing thoughts. Without the Big Lie, was the rest of the charge justified? Our kids *were* noisy, and we had *not* been careful to keep them in the house later on weekends when the neighbors slept in. And we really had *not* trimmed the edges of our lawn as carefully as those on either side. It just could be that our family did need to mend more than one kind of fence, even if the old lady's communications were tactless and crude.

It was a bitter pill to swallow just when I thought I had emerged self-righteous and victorious. Maybe I should just let the Big Lie rest. After all, it was harmless now. And somehow I thought I was beginning to understand how she felt, angry, distrustful, and defenseless after what she had done, needing some kind of weapon to bolster her argument. She was a lonely soul, really. She had little to do with the other women on our street.

Mark, however, had gotten his briefing down on the corner from Tommy, who was waiting for him with a dandy full-color version of the whole incident. To my husband, the sanctity of his home had been desecrated, his loved ones attacked, and his manhood challenged. It was all I could do to persuade him to wait until after supper before he set the old lady straight.

As we ate, Mark's first blind indignation faded into his usual reasoning curiosity. Why had that woman dumped those leaves over the fence, anyway? Why hadn't she come over to talk to us, like a sensible person, if our kids were getting in her hair? Why had she picked at them before in those sneaky little ways? I had a clue there in the fact that she had been hesitant to join kitchen camaraderie with the other women. Maybe she did not have the nerve to complain until our little Comanches had finally driven her to a frenzied counteroffensive.

Our empathy with our besieged neighbor rose dramatically, for how many times had our own dear offspring driven us past the borders of reason before we realized it. They were artists at the nerve-shattering game, even with parents whose ears have layers of loving insulation.

"Well, then, maybe Mrs. Polunski is just as 'shook' as we are by this whole thing," Mark conjectured. "But she'll have her guard up, expecting us to rant at her."

"Yes, dear, and I got a sample of the old dragon's tongue today," I ventured.

BY NOW her working daughter would be home, and she would have had to explain all this to the younger woman, probably with some fancy verbal embroidery on our characters and actions. If we went next door with chips on our shoulders, the two women would doubtless shout us down and we would never settle the quarrel.

"But, I've got to say something," protested Mark. "I just can't back off like a whipped pup. If I ignore this, they'll consider they can treat me any way they choose. Remember Munich. That kind of attitude doesn't produce peace, either in the world arena or in the backyard."

We decided that peace with honor would be our goal. We wanted a comfortable relationship with our neighbors.

Mark dusted off his textbook learning and mapped conciliatory strategy. Yes, he could sincerely begin with an apology. Our children had been noisy, and we had not been aware of their disturbing racket. By beginning unexpectedly this way, Mark hoped to change the atmosphere and set a different behavior standard, so each side would listen to the other fellow instead of shouting him down. Then a discussion of terms of treaty might be fruitful. It was risky, as any diplomacy is, but Mark set forth bravely.

Armed with preparatory insights and a firm commitment to the goal of peace and honor, Mark discovered that the two women had, as had we, already shot their thunderbolts in private.

Seeing his cordial attitude, they were eager to regain their self-esteem as genteel ladies of the community: and he let them, of course. Then he explained gently that there must be no more trash trajectory, and that further discipline of our children must come from us, though Mrs. Polunski was asked to let us know whenever they annoyed her. Both women agreed eagerly, and the interchange ended with an effusive exchange of pleasantries.

A brief period of egg-walking followed. Mrs. Polunski hardly dared rake leaves in her backyard, and our boys gingerly avoided playing ball near the fence. I caught myself waiting until after I had heard the garbage can next door clank on the curb and the screen door swish shut before I dared take our can to the curb.

Then I began a deliberate attempt to instigate light conversations with Mrs. Polunski when we were watering our front yards, en route to the grocery store, or anywhere our paths overlapped.

She responded with an explosion of goodwill. We had been tried and found trustworthy, eligible for that special brand of warmth and generosity from the old country she had longed to bestow. Our children were treated to an overflow of home-baked goodies from the Polunski oven. Every opportunity for a neighborly gesture was seized upon by both sides.

The original incident now has become a barbless joke, and we enjoy a rich experience of friendship well won. □

The big-city boys went out to thin the forest, and toppled the town's main power line with a birch. It was their darkest day in Paradise.

With meaningful service their goal, a Michigan MYF volunteered for this . . .

Work Camp in PARADISE

THE SENIOR MYFers from Central Methodist Church, Detroit, are a persistent group who paid their way to Paradise—not to loaf but to improve the place.

Surely, they joked, Paradise (Mich.) ought to have a Methodist church. And the people struggling to build it ought to have help.

The teen-agers had finished their own project, a dormitory for their woodland camp in central Michigan, and they wanted to help someone else. At Paradise, a town of 150 in the northeast corner of the Upper Peninsula, they found a 32-member congregation building a church in a spot so remote that it is not even part of a Methodist circuit.

"We made ourselves available for an invitation," one of the Detroiters explains. When the invitation came, 13 teen-agers and their advisers chipped in $25 apiece and set out for the town on the shore of Lake Superior, in one of the nation's finest vacation areas.

It was back in 1959 that a Methodist church for Paradise first had glimmered in the mind of Robert Thompson, who had come to teach high school and to build a resort. He and his wife and six children found only two churches, one Roman Catholic, one funda-

"General foreman" Dick Miller mans the saw as the airborne squad scrutinizes the sanctuary ceiling. Mr. Miller was one of four advisers who spent a working vacation directing the efforts of 13 eager teen-agers. The first day some of them ran out of chores, and they promptly asked for more of a work load. They sanded and hammered, painted and cleaned—and loved it.

Leo Zantop, a Paradise motel owner and a mainstay in the construction gang, shows the visitors how to do a proper lacquering job.

Cindy Kammer and MYF adviser E. J. Glasgow concentrate on carpentry near the church corner that served as the girls' dormitory.

mentalist Baptist. Being staunch Methodists, they asked the Methodist district superintendent's help in starting a church school. It began with 28 adults and children meeting in the township hall.

It was the beginning of summer—just when the local people, who depend heavily on the tourist trade, have all sorts of excuses for staying away. But they came, the classes prospered, and finally a pastor from 64 miles away began conducting services two Sunday evenings a month.

In 1962, a $500 gift from friends of the Thompsons in Ohio launched the building fund. Of this, $360 promptly went for three acres next to the school. Soon the members had pledged $2,500; they were given another $2,680 by the Division of National Missions and loaned $10,000 by the Detroit Conference. With these funds in hand, they designed their church

Each night the work campers and Paradise teen-agers met in the church basement for an evaluation session.

There was time off, of course, to hunt for souvenirs. Sue Laird, daughter of Central Church's minister, and Cindy Kammer view antiques on display in Paradise's quaint general store. The little resort town on the northeastern edge of Michigan's Upper Peninsula is in prime hunting, fishing, and loafing country. Now that a new paved road has reached it and new motels have been built along the main street, the tide of city-weary travelers has increased.

While one crew wielded tools, another pitched in across the street in community hall, where vacation church school met daily.

Cindy Kammer helps small fry solve the mystery of a jigsaw puzzle. Teaching vacation church school was a responsibility of the girls.

When the organ came, Paradise women, who worked hard to get it, promptly put aside home chores and hurried to try it out.

Sunday vespers along the shore of Lake Superior were a time of quiet, personal evaluation.

and began building. The basement was done before the first snowfall, and roof beams were raised in February. By summer, the building was enclosed and roofed.

The Detroit MYFers' offer of volunteer labor was a shot in the arm. Particularly pleased were the congregation's young people, who turned up with a record player and went to work, too. For 10 days they labored, played, and prayed together—with an enthusiasm that carried over to adult members of the little congregation who still had the project to finish.

Women of the little Woman's Society of Christian Service, for example, still had the new organ to pay for. They had raised the $100 down payment by selling candy, but 30 more payments loomed ahead.

Mr. Thompson, whose wife directed the project, grinned when the organ was uncrated. "Well," he said, "we're going to eat a lot more candy."

That's typical of the spirit and good humor spearheading the Methodists in Paradise. □

Four women whose husbands happen to be Methodist ministers talked frankly with ***TOGETHER*** *about life in a parsonage. One of them summarized their views when she remarked:*

'I Want to Be The Wife of a Minister, Not the Minister's Wife'

YOU SEE her at worship service, listening perhaps a little more intently than others; you may work with her in the church school or in the church kitchen; you may sit beside her at Woman's Society; you meet her at the market or at the PTA. You think you know the wife of your minister. But what special problems did she acquire when she married a man who is also a minister? TOGETHER asked the wives of four Methodist parsons to gather around a tape recorder and discuss what it is really like to live in a parsonage. On the following pages are their candid, sometimes startling replies to questions posed by an editor. Their names have been changed to protect their identities.—EDITORS

(Interview begins on page 26)

THE PARTICIPANTS

JOAN, married to the minister of an old church in a changing inner-city neighborhood, has two small boys; she completed two years of college, always has lived in city parsonages.

FRANCES, whose husband serves a suburban church, is the mother of three older children. She finished college. Her husband grew up in a parsonage.

MARIAN, wife of a country minister, has one daughter, finished two years of college, had not had a close relationship to the church before her marriage.

CAROL, whose husband serves a large church in a wealthy suburb, has a son in college, finished college herself, has lived in parsonages in towns of various sizes north and south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Perhaps the best way to begin our discussion is to ask the obvious question: How does it feel to live in a parsonage?

JOAN: I think the parsonage is the biggest pain in the neck in the ministry. If somebody's concerned that this *is* the church's home, this is great. I don't want them to offer to come in and paint, but if only somebody would come in and say: "Does anything need repairing?" This isn't our home to maintain ourselves. We live in it, but it belongs to the church.

FRANCES: I like to think of the parsonage as being the church's *house*, but our *home*, where we have a right to our own way of living. I know what it is to have to ask for every little thing that goes into the house. You get tired of this, and pretty soon you are buying things for the house that you really can't afford. At one of our churches there was a budget for parsonage maintenance, so when something needed to be done all we had to do was go to the chairman of the parsonage committee.

MARIAN: Maybe there'll be a happy day when the income of the minister is such that he could do as every other person does who moves from one job to another—buy his own home. Why shouldn't ministers experience the problems and joys of home ownership?

FRANCES: If we got to the point where we bought our own house, I wouldn't ever want to leave it.

MARIAN: We may spend all our lives in the kind of house we live in now, oversized, underheated—oh, ever so many things are wrong with it.

FRANCES: That's another thing. I think the church ought to pay the utilities. Many of the houses are so poorly insulated.

CAROL: If there are to be parsonages, the parsonage should be built as a home that a parsonage family, no matter what size, could fit into. They need four bedrooms and a study, I think.

Do you entertain more than the average wife?

FRANCES: I think we do. I enjoy having people in, though I don't like for them to come unannounced. And when I have to take all the responsibility for feeding them, I just feel as though I am a thing and have no contact with them.

JOAN: I love to have groups in, but I don't cook all day. It's usually coffee cake or something from the store.

CAROL: I thoroughly enjoy entertaining, the more people the better. Now we have an entertainment budget for the first time. It is wonderful.

How about telephone calls and people coming to the door without appointments?

JOAN: I resent not being able just to spend an evening at home, where if we wanted to watch television, eat popcorn, or read together, we could. We can't, because the phone rings so much. When people work in the daytime, they think about their problems at nighttime. The doorbell will ring sometimes because someone is in trouble, but an awful lot of the calling is just thoughtless.

MARIAN: People almost feel as if a minister owes attention to them just because he's a minister. People do this to ministers' wives, too.

JOAN: I don't think anybody would resent an emergency. I remember the lady who was left out in the street with two kids, real late at night, and my husband brought her home because there was no other place for her to go. I knew she was dirty, and I knew the children were dirty. Oh, I should have been more mature and realized I didn't have any choice. I threw out some towels and soap and said: "Take a bath." Then in the morning I was upset—with my husband, not with the people. I wish I could feel like he does, but I don't think I got the joy that he got out of it. Sometimes it kind of bothers me, for if I really am a Christian, I should be doing more than I do, and not resent the things I have to do.

How about close friends? Are they lacking in parsonage life?

MARIAN: I used to go along with the old idea that you shouldn't have any close friends in the congregation. Now I've reshuffled my thinking. I believe that if our relationships with people can't be normal like everybody else's, there's something wrong with the system.

FRANCES: If you can make friends, there shouldn't be any difference. But I've found that people don't treat me as they would just anybody else. We have some very close friends in the church, and yet you don't tell them the things that you'd tell another minister's wife about the troubles and problems you're having at the time.

CAROL: You have to have a few special friends. You can't live without them.

MARIAN: Yes, but suppose you are sitting there having coffee with a friend, and you are discussing something that is very meaningful to you, the two of you. Are you always going to stop and weigh and decide: Now, if I say this, is it going to shake her faith? Is she going to feel that she can't consider the minister a person to go to in trouble? Is this going to make us too human? This can be a bar to friendship.

CAROL: I think that's a very basic thing. But my

husband and I are just two of the people. We must share our failures as well as our successes, our doubts as well as our beliefs, with our church.

JOAN: I know I have many shortcomings, and I know my husband has them, too, but I think church people do tend to put us up on a pedestal.

CAROL: Yes, my husband thinks my job is to keep him down to earth.

FRANCES: Watching what I say is one of my greatest problems. I'm prone to offhand remarks that mean nothing. I've heard myself quoted on such things, and this really disturbs me. It would haunt me if I ever felt that something I said casually made people think less of my husband's job.

Can the wife of a minister be an agnostic?

MARIAN: She can't, I would say, be atheistic, but why not an honest skeptic or agnostic? Why shouldn't she question the role of the existing institution and the presuppositions upon which the faith is founded? I think she should ask, as anyone should: "Does God exist as the church says, and does God require of us the things that the institution demands?"

What is the role of the minister's wife?

FRANCES: I like to think that what my husband does in his job is no different from a job that anyone else is doing. And I don't like to think that whether I'm a good housekeeper or whether I can play the piano or give good prayers would make any difference as to whether my husband can do his job well. He has been trained for his job; I just married the man because I love him. I don't love his job. If he changed his job, I'd go right along with him.

MARIAN: I have heard this so often amongst ministers' wives and people in the congregation: "If it weren't for his wife . . ." In my mind, this is the man's work. It's not because of his wife that he does a good job; he's alone in it, really.

CAROL: He can't do the job without his wife, though. I think the wife's influence can be terribly important in any job.

JOAN: We all have different abilities and different talents. Now I really don't like to teach church school, but I do like to work in the Woman's Society. Because I like to do this, I have been able to help my husband more than if I rebelled against doing it. Maybe this shouldn't be my role, but I enjoy it. My biggest duty is to love this man till death, be his wife. And I think sometimes we wives of ministers feel pretty neglected because we aren't Number One, due to the pressure of all the other people. I can get just as hurt as the next guy when the phone rings. Yet, I can see where I really have helped because I have been at meetings where some kind of a sensitive situation developed and I could say something funny, or because I could get somebody off a subject and on to another.

MARIAN: I'm better if I just keep quiet. I can't soothe situations. There are so many things you can attend that make you mad, angry, or that you want to correct; and I have discovered that I must separate myself entirely from all of these things or else I am no help to my husband when he comes home.

FRANCES: If I'm *for* something, everybody sees it. During this first year in our present church, my job has been to keep quiet. This is destructive for me because there is so much I would like to say and do.

CAROL: I think you can be open at the PTA, at the YWCA, or any outside organization, because there you just represent yourself.

MARIAN: One of the stereotypes is that the minister is the sun and his wife is the moon, circling around and reflecting his light. Yet as human beings, we exist to develop our own potentialities.

Would you say, then, that it is healthy for the wife of a minister to be active in nonchurch organizations?

CAROL: I think outside activities are good. I've always worked in the YWCA, and I'm not worried about whether it affects my husband or not. In the church I feel differently. I don't especially like the Woman's Society. I like the church school. Right now we teachers are studying how best to utilize the new curriculum. A couple of nights ago we were at a meeting and someone asked me if I would ask the maintenance people at the church to change a room. I said no, I wouldn't do that. I'm not going to get into running the church.

JOAN: The people I feel sorriest for are the really talented women who happen to be married to minis-

NEW MINISTER AND WIFE TO THE CONGREGATION

We are not hard constructions formed of steel,
Bridgelike to bear the weight of careless travel;
We feel.

Nor are we ancient stolid-marble pillars
Upholding all your decades of tradition;
We are tillers.

We are not heroes haloed in glass pane
Unswayed by merry song and dance and laughter;
Must we refrain?

We may not overlook the frictions whose rude glare
Distorts the loving image of the Christ
Whose life we share.

Yet we would be within your fellowship
Companions in each struggle and in prayer,
With mutual faith to sip Communion wine.

Where rugs beneath Grant Wood spread wall-to-wall,
We would be candles lighted. In child-strewn shack,
In stores where pocketbooks enlarge with unpaid items,

Where viewpoints clash in smoky, old town hall,
In easy chairs where neighbors meet
To celebrate a birth, or mourn a passing,

Within our own home most of all
And by each altar of Christ's church,
We would be candles lighted.

—Betty Adkins Fukuyama

ters, who really could make a great contribution to the church, yet who must withhold their own talents so other people can get a chance at leadership. So it doesn't get to be a team running the church, the minister and his wife. I know one wife who fits this category; my husband says she should attend another church.

FRANCES: That might be an interesting thing for all of us. Then we really would get to be ourselves.

MARIAN: I certainly have found that I can't be myself in our own church.

What about ministers' wives working?

FRANCES: I have a friend who teaches full time in public schools. She says she gets tired of it, but that it keeps her from worrying about what's going on in the church. She is a very good "minister's wife," too. She has an excellent educational background, but when she started teaching in the church school she found they didn't really want her because they knew it would mean reform or change of what they were doing. So she stopped.

MARIAN: I didn't finish my college work. Now I'm trying to finish it, and it's extremely difficult. But if I had the certainty that I could go out and begin to work in something I chose, this would give me a great deal of secureness.

FRANCES: I used to believe that all that really counted was being a good minister's wife. But I've always felt frustrated, sort of, that this wasn't really my life but the life of my husband and my children, and there was just one big demand for me. Now that all my children are in school, I discover that I really don't have the drive and ambition to do other things I always thought I had. I think I am going to be forced to work, though, because if I want my children to go to college, I think I'm going to have to get out and earn money.

CAROL: I'm completely satisfied. I never have worked, but I did finish college. I find great satisfaction in the things I do. I think I'm a satisfactory wife. I've got a happy child. And I thoroughly enjoy living.

MARIAN: I do a lot of things. And yet in the back of my mind there's this creepy thing, and I realize that as far as my life is concerned, all it is is fragments. Things are happening, things are going on, and I'm just kind of watching.

Is being a 'preacher's kid' hard on your children?

FRANCES: It is constantly being held up to them. People say: "You don't act like a minister's child." For one birthday when our daughter was little, she got two religious gifts from parishioners. She wanted to know: "Why do they always give these religious things?"

MARIAN: Suppose later on your child decides she doesn't want to have any part of the MYF, nothing to do with church school, wants to separate herself completely from the life of the church. Can our children have the freedom other people's children have to choose not to go to church?

JOAN: I think I know what I would do. I would let them stay home. But I don't really know.

FRANCES: I don't know, either. As I grew up, my family told me that I had to go to church and church school until I left home. They said that when they stopped supporting me I could make my own decision.

CAROL: I would insist that they go while they're home. But our college boy is not going too regularly now, but we are sure this is temporary.

Does your husband spend enough time with his family?

MARIAN: We get a month's vacation. In the little town where we are now, we lead a much more relaxed life. But when we were in the suburbs, my husband took a day off every week. I've no sympathy for men and women who say: "I don't have time."

CAROL: We take Saturdays off—it has been our only day to be with our boy. I think some wives are very unhappy because they never have anything to look forward to. If you can look forward to one day a week, you don't mind your husband being gone so much of the other time.

JOAN: We could never do it on Saturday, but my husband schedules time off with each boy individually. And when I get restless, he can sense it and writes me in his appointment book.

Does a minister's wife have a superior calling?

FRANCES: Heavens, no! But I think the minister's calling is a special calling. Inasmuch as we believe in the priesthood of all believers, I don't think that he is superior or higher in any way. On the other hand, I must say that there have been times when I resented people not taking note of his special training in his field of work.

CAROL: It would be the same as if there were a professor in the town and they didn't expect him to teach.

JOAN: He's a good man for turning off the lights—at least, that's the only responsibility some in our congregation seem to want to give him.

Are there different standards for parsonage families?

FRANCES: I think that perhaps in the minds of some church people there is a double standard of Christianity—one for the minister and his family, another for "normal" people.

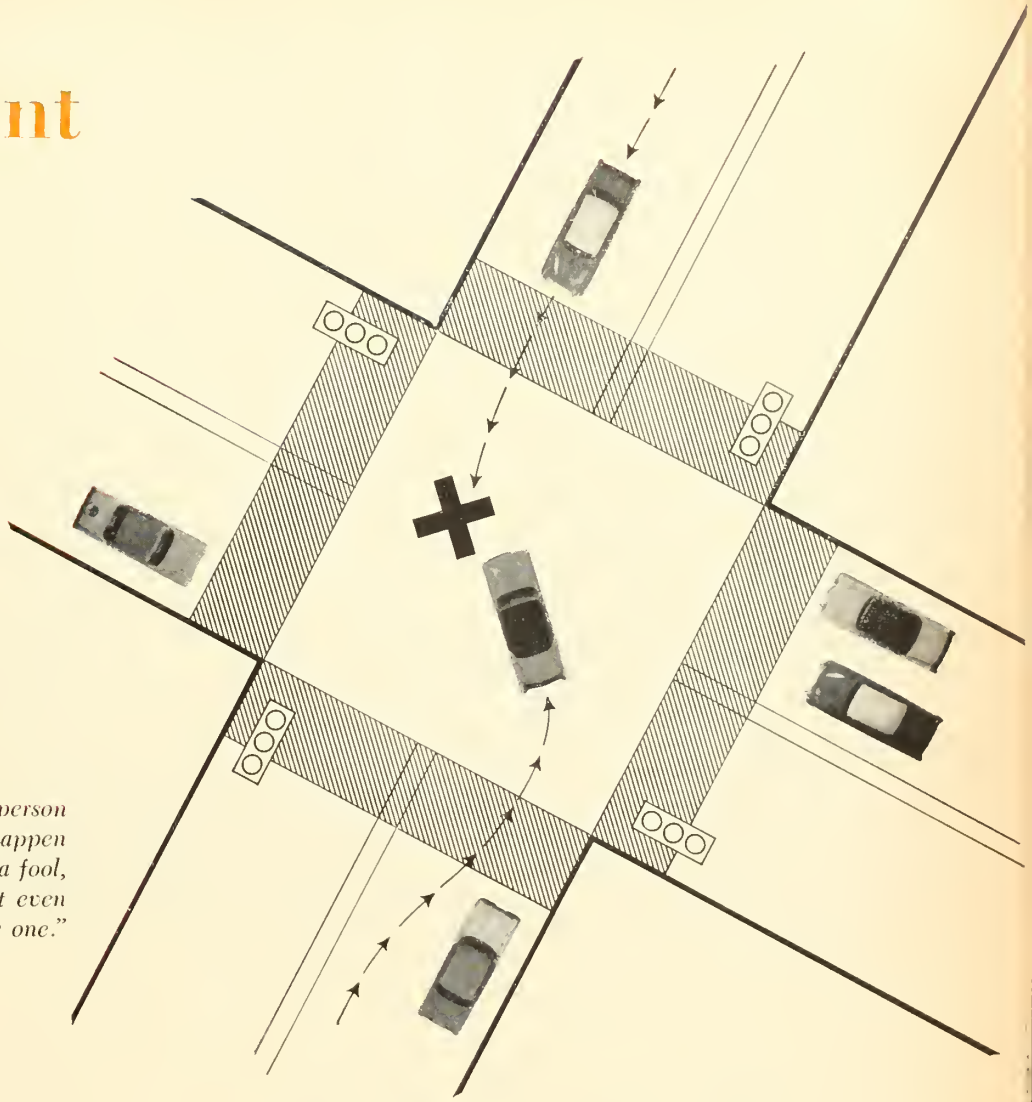
JOAN: I think there is. You hear so often: "Of course, your children *have* to do this." When people say that, I'm tempted to keep mine home from church school just to prove they don't have to go. And when they say: "Well, you have to set an example," that really makes me want to do something unexpected and weird.

FRANCES: When you're introduced to people, they say, "This is the minister's wife, you know," and the people immediately start reacting to you as they think they should react to a minister's wife. The first time my next-door neighbor came over, she apologized to me for wearing slacks!

JOAN: But I think some people are more accepting because you are the wife of the minister. I think it is this business of being the minister's wife as if it were a position in the church that bothers me. I don't mind being the wife of the minister, but please don't stereotype me as the minister's wife. □

That Accident Wasn't Accidental

By KARL MENNINGER, M.D.
Eminent Psychiatrist and Medical Writer



"No healthy-minded person ever says, 'It can't happen to me.' He might meet a fool, you know, or he might even (temporarily) be one."

ONE CANNOT explain accidents as products of pure chance. Relatively few accidents are *wholly* accidental—the number ascribable to pure chance must be well below 15 percent. If accidents are not due to chance, what causes them?

It is all right to say, "Don't be careless. Don't take three drinks before you take the car out. Watch for the red lights!" These are good rules. But what is the psychology back of the necessity for having such rules?

It is just as old-fashioned today to ascribe accidents solely to these conscious motives at it would be to drive the sort of vehicles we used 30 or 40 years ago. Although scientific research into accidents is extraordinarily small compared to research into other causes of death, we do know today something of the motivation of individuals, shielded or submerged beneath the surface of consciousness.

The simplest way to put this—unpalatable as it may be to hear—is that there is a little murder and a little suicide in everybody's heart. Give them a powerful weapon like a car, inflame their inhibitions or irritations or frustrations, diminish their suppressive control by means of alcohol or fatigue, and the murder or suicide may be committed.

I recall a cartoon in which one character is charging forward, saying, "I don't feel very good today, and nobody better get in my way." Think of arming such a man with 300 horsepower, teasing or hurting him, and giving him plenty of victims from which to choose!

The other side of this is, of course, that our aggressive, destructive impulses—which have to be kept in control or released in modified or specially directed forms—are accompanied by correspondingly self-punitive impulses. We all punish ourselves. Indeed, the impulse to punish oneself is often just as strong as, or even stronger (for some curious reason) than, the wish to hurt someone else.

A fairly typical example is the wife who gets angry and says something cross to her husband. When he goes off to the office she stays home, washing dishes. Still mad, she swipes a knife through her hand and cuts it.

I could cite many similar instances where a self-injurious act follows an aggressive act. People come to us clinically who have fallen downstairs under circumstances

which make it very clear that they would like to have thrown somebody else downstairs—and have just done something, or said something, or even thought something that aroused enough guilt feelings to precipitate this kind of reaction.

Some of my colleagues studied what we call psychosomatic medicine by investigating the kind of emotional things that were going on in people's lives at the time they developed the illnesses for which they came to the hospital. They got together a group of stomach cases, a group of heart cases, a group of arthritics, and so on.

We always have to have something to compare our research cases with—"controls" we call them. In the early days of these investigations the physicians said, "Let's take something for our control that is absolutely pure chance. Let's take accident cases." So they took all the accident cases that were brought into the hospital during the same period.

Twenty-five heart cases, for example, would be analyzed and compared with the events in the lives of the accident cases.

They found this to be no good at all! Ninety percent of the accident cases had had instances of provocation, frustration, disappointment, and so on, just before their injuries, very similar to the events in the heart and stomach cases.

In other words, accidents are not controlled by chance, as people think. There are unseen things behind them.

An interesting way to point up the tendency toward self-inflicted punishment to fit the self-thought-up crime is the so-called "burglar trap." From time to time such cases appear in the newspapers. I happened to notice one squib many years ago, and I got so interested in it that I subscribed to a clipping service for reports on these cases. What happens is that somebody has decided that too many of his chickens are being stolen, and he contrives a burglar trap so that if anybody comes in, he'll be taught a lesson. The intruder will be shot by a gun triggered by opening the door. The owner erects it. He sets it. He retires.

Then, he forgets!

You think that this is exceptional? So did I. But when I subscribed to the clipping bureau, I got a whole handful of reports of cases. It seems that this is a regular syndrome! The chances seem to be that anybody who would go to such an extent is likely to get caught in it himself.

How many burglar traps we erect for ourselves in a single day would be hard to estimate. We certainly do do that sort of thing; everyone does. Figure out just how many traps you have set, with or without being caught in them.

ACCIDENT proneness was a widely used term years ago. Some persons seemed to have more than their share of accidents. I have a clipping about a Californian who spent every 10th birthday during the past 50 years recovering from some major injury suffered in accidents happening on or just before the anniversary.

Here is the record: age 10, badly crushed right hand; age 20, lost a leg in a train wreck; age 30, hospitalized for five weeks due to an explosion; age 40, knocked out in a fight, had to have his other leg amputated.

On his 50th birthday he was arranging a deal in his printshop, and while handing a pen to the customer to sign the contract, dropped the pen. He stooped to reach for it, missed, and caught his hand in a printing press. Hard-luck champion?

All of us know persons who *seem* to be hard-luck champions. We psychiatrists see them clinically very often. We regard it as an evidence of illness. And from our clinical studies, we psychiatrists know why some of this happens.

The majority of accidents do not occur under hard-luck circumstances, and the notion of accident proneness is old-fashioned. Accident proneness is something that all of us have more or less.

The question is: What is your accident-proneness level *today*? Some individuals do have more proneness than others, and all have more one day than another. It fluctuates with various factors.

The resentments, the things that give rise to a chronic state of suppressed hostility in those persons who have a great proneness, usually stem from childhood. Their long-ago experiences make it more difficult for them to control themselves than for persons with a less traumatic childhood.

The same thing is true of criminal offenders. Some doctors in the Mayo Clinic studied murderers and found that, as children, they themselves were almost murdered by their own cruel parents. Hate, often in the name of discipline, led to beatings and chokings.

Even the healthy-minded person can become a little unhealthy-minded from all sorts of things—weariness, fatigue, a series of disappointments. There is not one of us who has not had days when he has thought: "One more thing and I'll bust, or bust somebody!"

I recall the case of a father who was going to take his family on an outing. Everything was going well—until he went out to pack the car and discovered a flat tire. While changing the tire, he hit one hand with a wrench, badly bruising it. Angry, he went into the house to put a bandage on his hand—and knocked over a table, which crashed into some china. This series of minor catastrophes struck one of the children as amusing, as well it might, and the little girl laughed. Without a word to anyone, the father went to the basement and hanged himself. This is a true story.

Another father might have struck the child, and then felt guilty all day. Still another might have been mentally healthy enough to have joined his daughter in laughing. But there is a limit to everybody's absorption powers.

Sometimes, instead of one of these endings, there is an accident—the person gets in the car, drives hurriedly, meets a truck at an intersection, and so on.

What's the moral of this? The moral is that no healthy-minded person ever says, "It can't happen to me." Every mentally healthy person knows it could happen. He might meet a fool, you know, or he might even (temporarily) be one.

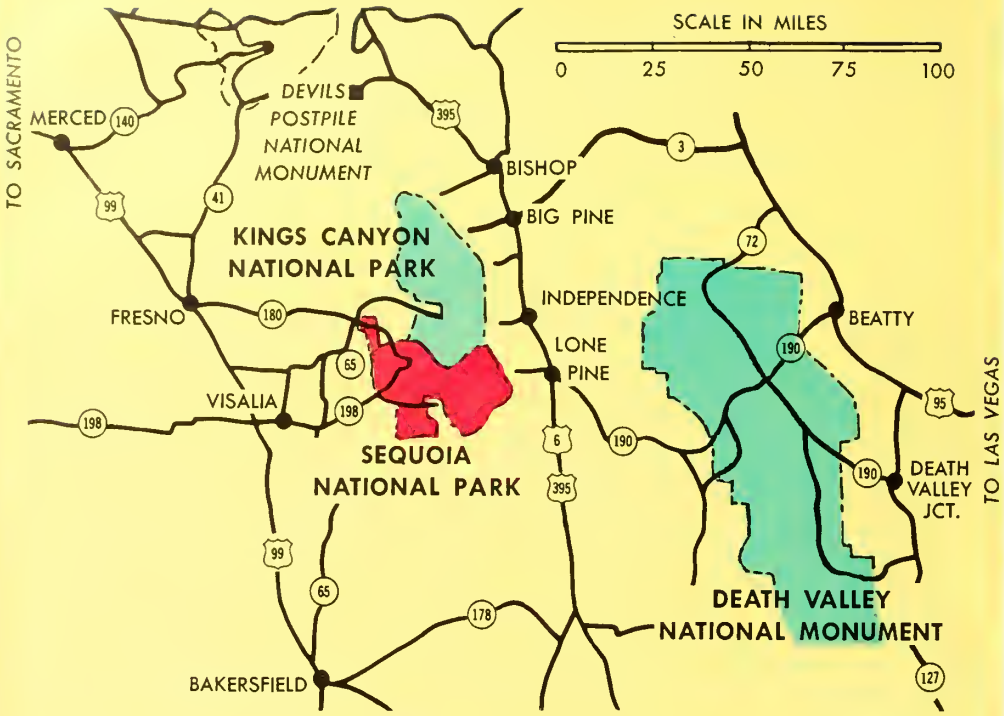
The more mentally healthy we become, the better our physical health shall be. The more mental health, the fewer accidents. □

On Death Valley's vagabond sand dunes, the Rev. Edwin A. Swenson hunts a fitting site for an Easter-sunrise service.

3 National Parks Were His Circuit

HISTORICALLY, Methodism has followed people wherever they go. Today, with millions flocking to U.S. resort areas and national parks, it plays an important role in the National Council of Churches' ministry in our national parks. One who has served the cause is the Rev. Edwin A. Swenson, whose parish at various seasons contrasted the awesome desolation of Death Valley with the grandeur of the High Sierra.

In Sequoia National Park, during another season, Ed Swenson walks among the huge trees, earth's biggest living things, old when Christ was born.

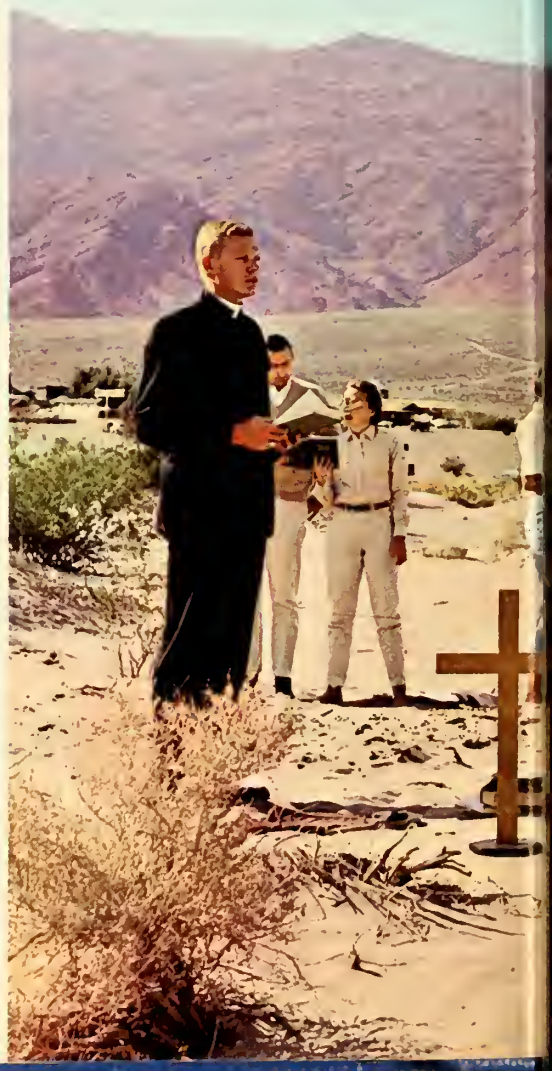


Aside from his park ministry, Ed's 40-hour-a-week job in Death Valley included work as a garbage collector, carpenter's and plumber's helper.

FOR HIS WINTER season in Death Valley, Mr. Swenson, a Methodist, served the interdenominational ministry sponsored by the National Council of Churches, and under the national direction of Warren Ost. Like scores of other young ministers or seminary students, he conducted Sunday services, Bible-study groups, and did counseling and personal witnessing while working weekdays as a park employee.

A graduate of Drew University Theological School, Madison, N.J., the 26-year-old minister and his wife moved into Death Valley in the fall of 1962. They remained there until the following spring, living first in a trailer, later in a one-room government apartment. Where pioneers and prospectors once perished on trackless wastelands, in heat known to have reached 134 degrees, asphalt roads lead today's tourists to such places as Scotty's Castle, Furnace Creek, Devils Golf Course, and the lowest spot in the U.S.—Badwater Lake, 279.8 feet below sea level.

While in Death Valley, Mr. Swenson conducted two services every Sunday, driving 27 miles to Stovepipe Wells for an 8:30 a.m. service on the sand dunes, then back another 27 miles to the visitors' center at Furnace Creek. He found the fantastic, otherworld desolation of desert and eroded mountains unchanged since the first Methodist minister, James W. Brier, his wife and children, struggled out of Death Valley more dead than alive in 1849. The early minister, as pictured in the diary of William Manly, one of the first pioneers to cross the region, seems peculiarly Methodist. "Christmas Day about dusk," Manly wrote, "I came upon the camp of the Rev. J. W. Brier...I found the reverend gentleman very coolly delivering a lecture to his boys on education. It seemed very strange to me to hear a solemn discourse on the benefits of education when starvation was staring us all in the face."



Sun, sand, and Death Valley's multihued hills become the sanctuary as Ed leads a Sunday-morning service near the Stovepipe Wells Hotel. Later he is to conduct another service at the Furnace Creek visitor's center.

While in the park ministry, Ed also held Sunday services in Scotty's Castle, built by the fabled Death Valley prospector from his seemingly endless supply of gold.

At the Furnace Creek visitor's center, the soft-spoken, Brooklyn-born minister chats with resort guests. Here an inn, dude ranch, scenic garden, and swimming pool are provided.

Much of Death Valley's character and nightmarish beauty is seen in thousands of acres of crystallized rock salt, aptly known as the Devils Golf Course.

In Death Valley, they say, the wash dries almost before you can hang it out...but that's the job this morning for Mrs. Don Ripley (with Ed) who shares the isolated life of her husband at the Grapevine Ranger station.

ONLY THE LIBYAN Desert has recorded temperatures higher than Death Valley's 134 degrees, but from fall to spring—this park's tourist season—there are many pleasant days and nights. A curved trough between naked mountain ranges, Death Valley may record two inches of rain a year, or none. Here salt beds from ancient seas shimmer under cloudless skies; yet only 80 miles away from the country's lowest elevation is snow-capped Mount Whitney, at 14,495 feet the highest peak in the U.S. outside of Alaska.

In this bleak, sunken desert one does not expect to find the continuing miracle of plant and animal life. But a total of 608 species of native plants do grow here, many perfectly adapted to their arid environment. Should rain fall, they bloom quickly and produce their seeds to lie in the dust until another, perhaps distant year, produces enough rainfall for their resurrection. In addition, there are some 226 varieties of birds, more than a score of mammals, a dozen or more species of lizards. Tiny fish measuring up to an inch in length are to be found in Salt Creek and Saratoga Spring.

Geologists regard Death Valley as one of the most remarkable finds on earth. Its 140-mile trough was once part of an inland sea, they say. At another time it was a region of low mountains and wide valleys dotted with streams and lakes. Then, in a time of violent earth movements when mountains were being tilted, it became a desert. When the Ice Age came and retreated, a great inland lake filled the valley. After centuries of blistering sun, the lake dried up, leaving the salt flats that floor the Death Valley tourists know today.

These huge wagon wheels turned long ago under great loads of borax pulled by Death Valley's storied 20-mule teams. The wagons, weighing 16,000 pounds, hauled 46,000 pounds.

Where "Badwater" laps Death Valley's shimmering salt flats, the visitor is standing 279.8 feet below sea level, the lowest point in the Western Hemisphere.

Artist's Palette, a scenic overlook in Death Valley, where the story of earth's many geologic ages is written in a naked barricade of pink, red, and tan.

SEVERAL MONTHS after visiting the Rev. Edwin A. Swenson in Death Valley, TOGETHER followed his ministry into a different world—one of forest grandeur, rugged peaks, and a deep river canyon. In California's Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks, the great trees have become the cathedral spires of the National Council of Churches' "Ministry in National Parks."

Mr. Swenson, who since has become pastor of a church at Placentia, Calif., served as executive director of the Church of the Sequoias, actually seven preaching places in the two adjoining parks. He co-ordinated the work of 10 college and seminary students, plus 7 guest ministers who preached each Sunday. He estimates that a million tourists a year pass through the two parks, and that the ministry there reaches around a thousand tourists a week through worship services, counseling, and informal study and discussion groups.

The wonder of the sequoias, their

"You're invited to our Sunday service!" For Ed, the scene has shifted to lofty trees and loftier mountains, but his ministry is the same.

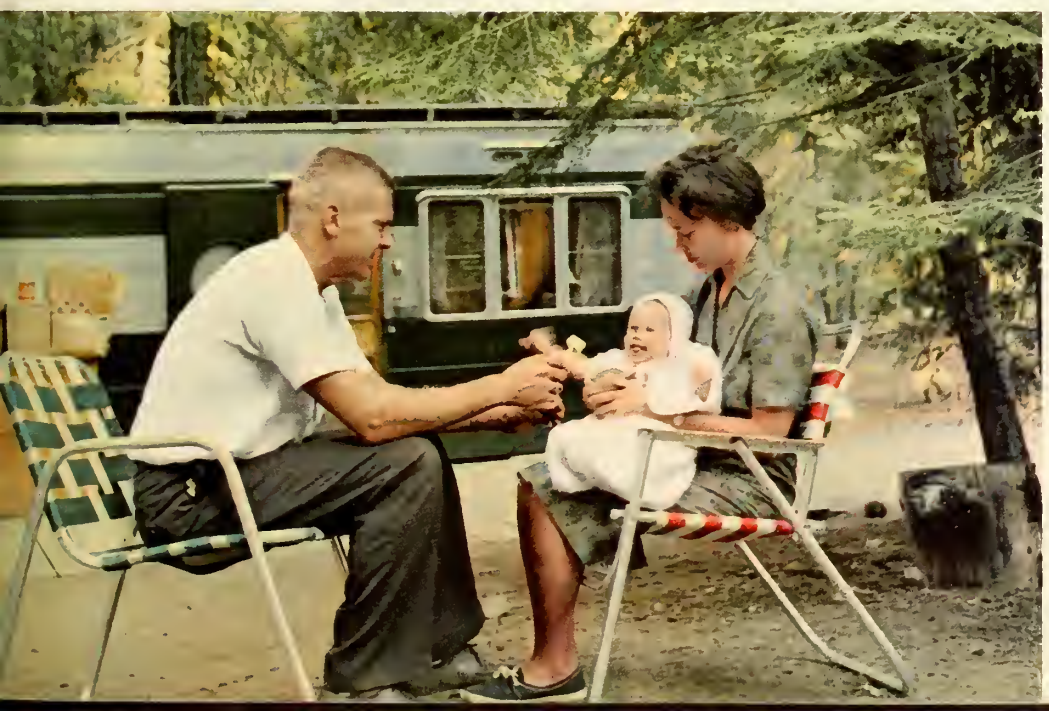
At Cedar Grove, in Kings Canyon National Park, Ed stops to deliver bulletins for a Sunday service to be held at Church of the Sequoias.

A park minister's circuit may lead him along Kings Canyon highway past Grizzley Creek Falls...

...or to Horseshoe Bend, where granite walls rise nearly a mile above the river and canyon floor.

size, majesty, and mystery, can only deepen with time and study. Visitors to the mighty cathedral groves instinctively stand there in reverence and awe. The two largest sequoias—General Grant and General Sherman—are as high as 25-story buildings, contain enough wood to build a good sized village, and are said to be at least 3,000 years old.

Tourists drive through the Tunnel Log, a giant among many awesome giants in the park. This sequoia fell to earth in 1939.



Ed and Judy Swenson's trailer home in Giant Forest. Debbie, the baby, was born in the car enroute to the hospital from Death Valley.

THERE ARE PLACES of rare beauty or quiet appeal in the natural sanctuaries farsighted men have chosen to preserve in God's great out-of-doors; here also one may worship in close communion with his Creator. There are some 24 million acres under the U.S. Park Service today, although not all this unspoiled beauty is officially designated "national park."

A visitor attending Ed Swenson's sunset vesper service [see below] had this to say: "Sunset Rock, with its struggling pines and panoramic vista, presents a setting for worship that no cathedral can capture. The congregation can feel it; a group of five children, without adults to shush them into reverence, sat unstirring and devout.

"The minister asks 'Where are we going?'; and the words have profound significance in this setting, so immutable are the rocks, the distant hills, the setting sun, and here is man—going somewhere.

"The benediction descends and we move away in small, silent groups, back to our tents and trailers. But for a few deeply quiet moments, worship has happened to us as it may happen only in the presence of a great stillness, great beauty, and great mystery."

"Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign," Emerson wrote after visiting the high country with John Muir, the naturalist who helped save the giant trees of the Sierra.

Benediction at sunset: On a great dome of polished granite overlooking Kings Canyon, tourists from many states bow their heads in prayer as Ed Swenson ends his Sunday with evening vespers.

Nature Lesson From the Blind

By PAUL E. GOFF, Naturalist
Columbus (Ohio) Metropolitan Parks

I WATCHED as the teachers arranged the children in pairs along the nature trail. The path, about five feet wide, should be easy to follow, I thought, for it is covered with a mixture of sand and gravel. But some of the boys and girls bumped into each other and shuffled uncertainly until they got the feel of the trail they were to follow through the park.

All had bright smiles of anticipation as we drew close to "see" the first exhibit—a redbud tree. Little hands reached out for the branches, leaves, and trunk. One little girl's face seemed to explode with excitement as she touched the smooth margin of a leaf.

"This tree's leaves are just like valentines!" she exclaimed.

Up to this point we had walked through an open field and meadow where the singing of thousands of crickets and grasshoppers told us of summer's passing. The sounds died away when we entered a beech-maple forest, and it was obvious to the children where these insects prefer to make their homes.

The woods were alive with bird calls, and the youngsters remarked about the clean, cool smell of the forest air. They sniffed enthusiastically when I crushed a tangy spicebush leaf and passed it around.

They handled leaves and flowers, touching every lobe to discover if it was round or pointed, long or short, thick or thin. But I had to caution them about "seeing" the wild flowers, for many were being visited by honeybees. I suspect, however, that some would have considered it an adventure to be stung, so enthusiastic were they about nature's wonders around them.

Frankly, I had been disturbed when I found the challenging request on my desk that autumn morning. It explained that this group of children lacked the one sense we thought so important for a successful nature walk—sight. Now, midway along the trail, I began to feel at ease. I realized that my blind companions were aware of things that I, a professional naturalist, had never noticed.

Sharp ears picked up the squeaking of tree limbs rubbing together, the brittle sound of branchlets slapping at each other

in the breeze. The blind children delighted in the chattering of squirrels gathering acorns and nuts. When one inquired about a scraping noise, I explained that a red squirrel right above us was chewing on a hickory nut.

A toad at the edge of the trail caught my eye. I picked it up, and carefully the children passed it from hand to hand, remarking at the coolness of its skin on such a warm day. When the last boy had fondled this seemingly precious creature, he placed it gently down by the trail's edge and we moved deeper into the forest.

Most visitors to our parks pay little attention to variations in the bark of trees that grow here. To many, a tree is just a tree—but not to these blind children whose fingers so thoroughly explored the smooth trunk of the beech, the ridged bark of ash and walnut, the plated trunks of maple and elm.

When inquisitive fingers discovered a ring of holes in a sugar maple, I explained that a yellowbellied sapsucker had drilled them there. I told them that sapsuckers do this often and receive an extra reward for their work. When sap runs down the side of the tree, numerous insects are attracted. Soon the sap begins to dry, becomes as sticky as flypaper, and traps many of the insects. The children beamed with excitement when I pointed out that another feast awaits the returning sapsucker. First he picks off the insects for a main course, then adds more sap for dessert.

I told the children I was sorry they could not see the little raccoon I had spotted in the top of a nearby tree. But one little girl responded cheerfully: "That's all right. It's nice to know he's up there, anyway."

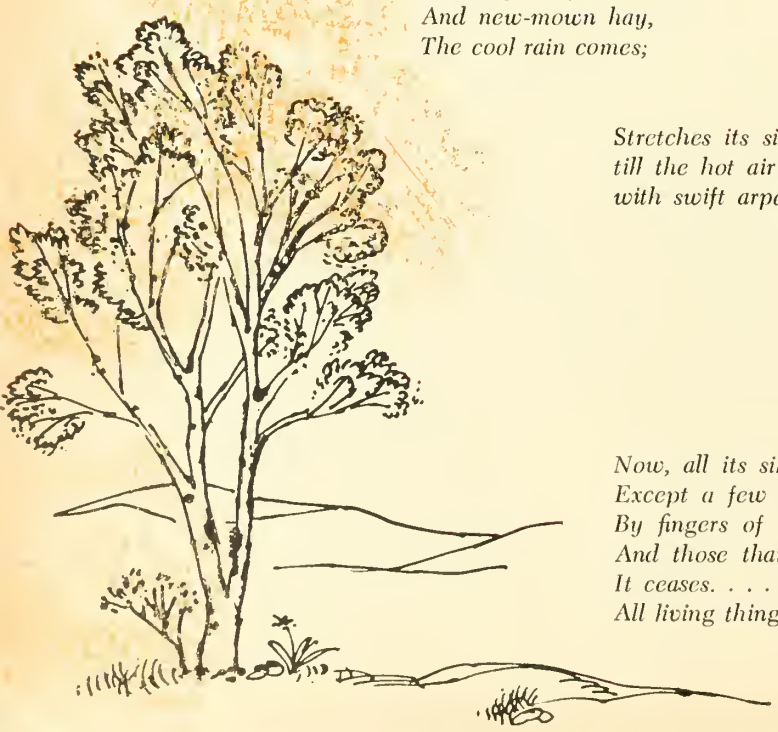
As we stopped to listen to a downy woodpecker tapping on an elm tree, our ears detected a clucking call some distance away. We waited as it came closer and closer. I knew it was the call of a bird rather rare in our area, the pileated woodpecker. Next to the nearly extinct ivory-bill, this is the largest of our North American woodpeckers. This handsome creature measures up to 17 inches in length, has a brilliant red, pointed crest and beautiful black and white body patterns. Since so many visitors had walked the trails for hours without a glimpse of this rare bird, I told the children there was little chance the woodpecker would come close to us. But we waited quietly.

Suddenly, I saw a flash of black and white through the trees. Then, the majestic bird swooped toward us in undulating flight, landing at the base of a dead elm not more than 20 feet away. I whispered that he now was right in front of us.

The woodpecker took one peck at the tree, threw back its red-crested head and turned to look directly at us. Then, with a piercing cry, it flew over us, disappearing in the forest, still sounding its wild cry of alarm. The children's faces beamed.

Soon we were out of the woodland and back in the parking lot. The children were grateful, thanking me profusely for the tour. But as they drove away, I realized I should have thanked them for the nature lesson they had taught me. □

MIDSUMMER RAIN / *By MARION DOYLE*



Accompanied by a rush
Of scented wind
Smelling of pelted mint
And new-mown hay,
The cool rain comes;

Stretches its silver harp-strings
till the hot air hums
with swift arpeggios;

Letting its blessing fall
Impartially
Upon the ragweed and the rose,
The duck-pond and the sea. . . .

Now, all its silver music spent—
Except a few leaf-treasured notes
By fingers of an infant breeze pursued,
And those that lodged within the wrens' wee throats—
It ceases. . . . With a long sigh of content
All living things look upward, cleansed and renewed.

A Gift of Gratitude

By PHYLLIS CARLSON and YULE CHAFFIN

WHEN visitors to the Methodist children's home at Seward announced, "We came to meet Benny Benson," the shy 13-year-old slipped off into the woods. He had designed Alaska's flag, so had become a hero to the people who wanted statehood so badly. That was 1927.

After a while the spotlight flickered and died. Then 35 years later, when he needed help, it went back on with a particularly warm glow. His countrymen had their chance to say "thank you."

Benny is all Alaskan, clear to the top of the unruly hair that earned him the nickname Porcupine. He was born in Chignik, a fishing village on the foggy underside of the Alaska Peninsula, and when he was three his dark-eyed Aleut mother died. His Scandinavian father, struggling for a living on a fox farm, sadly sent him to the Jesse Lee Home.

The children's home, now financed by the Woman's Division of Christian Service, was started by Agnes Soule, a descendant of Bishop Joshua Soule. (The home, severely damaged by the recent quake, has been condemned and must be rebuilt.) A schoolteacher, she later married a physician-preacher-teacher, Dr. Albert Newhall. It was that kindly, overworked man who told Benny, "Someday you're going to be famous."

To the nurse who helped him get well, Benny gives an Alaska flag.

Benny was in seventh grade when the flag contest was announced. Gov. George A. Parks thought it incredible that the territory did not have a flag, so the schoolchildren were put to work.

"I drew a grizzly bear first, but it wasn't very good," Benny said later. "Then I looked up at the board and saw that one of my suggestions hadn't been used, so I took a piece of art paper and colored it dark blue. Then I drew the seven stars of the Big Dipper pointing to the North Star."

Beneath the drawing, Benny scrawled the meaning of his design. "The blue field is for Alaska's sky and the forget-me-not, an Alaskan flower," he wrote. "The North Star is for the future state of Alaska, the most northerly of the Union. The dipper is for the Great Bear, symbolizing strength."

One spring day a telegram was delivered to the school. When they heard he had won, the students broke into wild applause. "Speech, Porcupine, speech!" they shouted, but Benny was too stunned for either speech or tears.

The legislature accepted the design and, in a ceremony at the Jesse Lee Home, Benny attached the first flag to its halyard. There were other honors, too, including a fancy gold watch. The attention would have been a severe test for any boy, but he had a humble way of wearing his laurels. Said one awed classmate:

"Benny is just the same as he was before he got his name in the papers."

In the years that followed, Benny put his skills to work as an airplane mechanic; and he married and reared two daughters. In 1959, he watched happily as Alaska gained its coveted statehood.

Proud classmates and Benny, holding flag, posed for this picture in 1930.

But sickness overtook him, and he was taken all the way to Seattle, where he lay for more than a month with a circulatory ailment. For a while, doctors thought they might have to amputate a leg. Finally the condition improved, but a staggering number of bills had piled up.

His hometown newspaper, the *Kodiak Mirror*, found out about it and started a campaign. Contributions poured in for "Benny's Fund": 50¢ from a little boy at a nearby naval base; $11.20 from the seventh grade in a Fairbanks school; more than $2,500 in all. To top it off, the 1963 session of the state legislature added $2,500.

For the second time in his life, Benny found it hard to find words.

He is well now, and true to the spirit of the goodness he has known, he opens his own home to boys who need a place to live. □

"Carnegie Hall was packed to the doors with Methodists from far and near," reported the Christian Advocate *in 1903. They had come to hear the address of . . .*

Teddy Roosevelt on the METHODISTS

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT
President of the United States, 1901-1909

I COME to address you not in the least as representatives of any party but as my fellow Americans, as men and women with whom I claim the right of kinship that comes from a common effort for the common cause.

I am glad, indeed, to have the chance of speaking to this representative body of the great church which Wesley founded, on the occasion of the commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth. Moreover, America has a peculiar proprietary claim on Wesley's memory, for it is on our continent that the Methodist Church has received its greatest development. And I want to say that I agree most heartily that any decay in it is purely local and temporary. The Methodist Church will grow while America grows.

In the days of our colonial life, Methodism was not on the whole a great factor in the religious and social life of the people. The Congregationalists were supreme throughout most of New England; the Episcopalians on the seaboard from New York southward; while the Presbyterian congregations were most numerous along what was then the entire western frontier; and the Quakers, and Catholics, and my own church, the Dutch Reformed, each had developments in special places. The great growth of the Methodist Church, like the great growth of the Baptist Church, began at about the time of the Revolutionary War.

Since the days of the Revolutionary struggle not only has the Methodist Church increased greatly in the old communities of the 13 original states, but above all it has played a peculiar and a prominent part in the pioneer growth of our country, and has in consequence assumed a position of immense importance throughout the vast region west of the Alleghenies which has been added to our nation since the days when the first Continental Congress met.

For a century after the Declaration of Independence, the greatest work of our people, save only of the work of national self-preservation under Lincoln, was the work of the pioneers as they took possession of this continent. During that century, we pushed westward from the Alleghenies to the Pacific, southward to the Gulf and the Rio Grande, and also took possession of Alaska. The work of advancing our boundary, of pushing the frontier across forest, and desert, and mountain chain, was the great typical work of our people. Remember that.

AND THE men who did it—the frontiersmen, the pioneers, the backwoodsmen, plainsmen, mountain men—formed a class by themselves. It was an iron task, which none but men of iron soul and iron body could do. The men who carried it to a successful conclusion had characters strong alike for good and for evil. Their rugged natures —the natures of these pioneer folk —made them powers who served light or darkness with fierce intensity; and together with heroic traits they had those evil and dreadful tendencies which are found in characters of heroic possibilities.

Always the strong man has in him the possibility to use his strength for evil, if it is not trained and directed aright. Such men make the most efficient servants of the Lord if their abounding vitality and energy are directed aright; and if misdirected their influence is equally potent against the cause of Christianity and true civilization.

In the hard and cruel life of the border, with its grim struggle against the forces of wild nature and wilder men, there was much to pull the frontiersman down. If left to himself, without moral teaching and moral guidance, without any of the influences that tend toward the uplifting of man and the subduing of the brute within him, sad would have been his and, therefore, our fate. From this fate, we have been largely rescued by the fact that together with the rest of the pioneers went the pioneer preachers; and all honor to Methodism for the large proportion of these pioneer preachers which it furnished.

These preachers were of the stamp of Peter Cartwright—men who suffered and overcame every hardship in common with their flock, and who, in common with their flock, endured. That is the kind of leadership that counts. And, they tamed the wild and fierce spirits of their fellow pioneers.

It was not a task that could have been accomplished by men desirous to live in the soft places of the earth and to walk easily on life's journey. They had to possess the spirit of martyrs; but not of martyrs who could merely suffer, not of martyrs who could oppose

only passive endurance to wrong.

The pioneer preachers warred against the forces of spiritual evil with the same fiery zeal and energy that they and their fellows showed in the conquest of a rugged continent. They had in them the heroic spirit, the spirit that scorns ease if it must be purchased by failure to do duty, the spirit that courts risk and a life of hard endeavor if the goal to be reached is really worth attaining. Great is our debt to those men, and scant the patience we need show toward their critics.

At times they seemed hard and narrow to those whose training and surroundings had saved them from similar temptations; and they have been criticized, as all men, whether missionaries, soldiers, explorers, or frontier settlers are criticized when they go forth to do the rough work that must inevitably be done by those who act as the first harbingers, the first heralds, of civilization in the world's dark places. It is easy for those who stay at home in comfort, who never have to see humanity in the raw, or to strive against the dreadful naked forces which are clothed or hidden and subdued in civilized life—it is easy for such to criticize the men who, in rough fashion and amid grim surroundings, make ready the way for the higher life that is to come afterward; but let us all remember that the untempted and the effortless should be cautious in passing too heavy judgment upon their brethren who may show hardness or narrowness, who may be guilty of shortcomings, but who nevertheless do the great deeds by which mankind advances.

These pioneers of Methodism had the strong militant virtues which go to the accomplishment of such great deeds. Now and then they betrayed the shortcomings natural to men of their type; but such shortcomings seem small indeed when we place them beside the magnitude of the work they achieved.

And now, my friends, my fellow

Roosevelt's personal magnetism helped gain votes for progressive laws during his administration.

citizens, in celebrating the wonderful growth of Methodism, and in rejoicing at the good it has done to the country and to mankind, I need hardly ask a body like this to remember that the greatness of the fathers becomes to the children a shameful thing if they use it only as an excuse for inaction instead of as a spur to effort for noble aims.

I speak to you not only as Methodists—I speak to you as American citizens. The pioneer days are over. We now all of us form parts of a great civilized nation, with a complex industrial and social life, and infinite possibilities both for good and for evil. The instruments with which, and the surroundings in which, we work have changed immeasurably from what they were in the days when the rough backwoods preachers ministered to the moral and spiritual needs of their rough backwoods congregations.

But if we are to succeed, the spirit in which we do our work must be the same as the spirit in which they did theirs. These men drove forward and fought their way upward to success because their sense of duty was in their hearts, in the very marrow of their bones. It was not with them something to be considered as a mere adjunct to their theology, standing separate and apart from their daily life. They had it with them weekdays as well as Sundays. They did not divorce the spiritual from the secular. They did not have one kind of conscience for one half of their lives, and another kind for the other half.

And if we are to succeed as a nation, we must have the same spirit in us. We must be absolutely practical, of course, and must face facts as they are. The pioneer preachers of Methodism could not have held their own for a fortnight if they had not shown an intense practicality of spirit, if they had not possessed the broadest and deepest sympathy for, and understanding of, their fellowmen. You have got to have that. You have got to have common sense. But in addition to the hard, practical common sense needed by every one of us if we are to make our lives count, we must have a lift toward lofty things or we shall be lost forever, individually and as a nation.

LIFE is not easy, and it is not going to be easy, and, least of all is it easy for either the man or the nation that aspires to do great deeds. If you want ease, make up your mind that when you come to the end of your life, as you look back you will remember ignoble things. If ease is what you wish, the first, prime desideratum of your life, you will count but little in any way, in the church, in the nation, as a force in the social organism at large. And what is true of the individual is true of the nation.

In the century opening, the play of the infinitely far-reaching forces and tendencies which go to make up our social system bids fair to be even more intense in its activity than in the century which has just closed. If during the 20th century the men of high and fine moral sense show themselves weaklings; if they possess only that cloistered virtue which shrinks shuddering from contact with the raw facts of actual life; if they dare not go down into the hurly-burly where the men of might contend for the mastery; if they stand aside from the pressure and conflict; then as surely as the sun rises and sets all of our great material progress, all the multiplication of the physical agencies which tend for our comfort and enjoyment, will go for naught and our whole civilization will become a brutal sham and mockery.

But, on the other hand, if we are to do as I believe we shall and will do, if we are to advance in broad humanity, in kindliness, in the spirit of brotherhood, exactly as we advance in our conquest over the hidden forces of nature, it must be by developing strength in virtue and virtue in strength, by breeding and training men who shall be both good and strong, both gentle and valiant—men who scorn wrongdoing and who have both the courage and the strength to strive mightily for the right.

John Wesley said he did not intend to leave all the good tunes to the service of the devil. He accomplished so much for mankind because he also refused to leave the stronger, manlier qualities to be availed of only in the interest of evil. The church he founded has throughout its career been a church for the poor as well as for the rich, and has known no distinction of persons. It has been a church whose members, if true to the teachings of its founder, have sought for no greater privilege than to spend and be spent in the interest of the higher life, who have prided themselves, not on shirking rough duty but on undertaking it and carrying it to a successful conclusion.

I greet you and pay my tribute to your past because you have deserved well of mankind, and because you have striven with strength and courage to bring nearer the day when peace and justice shall obtain among the nations of mankind. □

READER'S CHOICE

America was still adolescent in 1901 when Theodore Roosevelt became president. The frontier era was in the past, and Roosevelt (1858-1919) initiated his "Square Deal" policies to control exploitation of the vast country and its people. He helped waken the United States to mature responsibility in fair business practices, natural conservation, and world politics. Today we remember T.R. not only for his contributions but for his colorful charm. Rough Rider, cowboy, big-game hunter—he was a vigorous man.

Roosevelt appreciated Methodism because it had grown up with America, and surely the "rugged individualism" of the circuit riders appealed to his personal creed. On February 26, 1903, he addressed Methodists in New York during the Wesley bicentenary celebration. His speech praises Methodists of the past, and challenges our future.—EDS.

Red Robins all: Front steps become a grandstand as Charles and Dorothy Broughton watch their children, members of the town's baton twirling-marching unit, strut through a practice session.

People Called Methodists

No. 36 in a Series

Night work: The only barber in Morris, Chuck seldom sees an unfamiliar head of hair. This one belongs to George P. Miller, TOGETHER *photographer.*

Small-Town Postmaster-Barber

Charles Broughton of Morris, Pennsylvania

MANY OF THE boys and girls Charles Broughton grew up with in Morris, Pa., moved away. But he has never regretted his decision to remain—as postmaster and only barber of the tiny village (population 300) in the north-central section of the Keystone State.

Typical of small towns like Morris, where Chuck knows everybody and everybody knows him, it is no problem for him to deliver the mail, even the postcard which arrived one day addressed simply to "Aunt Mary and Uncle Clell."

Nor can many city folks walk home to lunch, as Chuck does every day at 11:30 a.m. He built the building himself and leases it to the government. A third-class post office, it serves the community and 175 boxholders on one rural route.

Going home to lunch, the postmaster walks down a quiet, tree-shaded street. He passes the Morris

The post office handles about 5,000 pieces of mail a week. His wife helps as a substitute clerk.

Big-city children may well envy the Broughton children, who have plenty of open space and lots of room for play around their hometown. On a typical day, Teri and Scott try out their bicycles near the Methodist church, while Sheri swings in a tree and Arthur explores a field of corn.

Methodist Church, a white frame building with a belfry, where he has served as lay leader, trustee, teacher of a boy's church-school class, and district president of a 10-church Sunday-school organization. He notes that the Methodist Youth Fellowship group is completing some new steps for the church, and as he passes the parsonage he is hailed by the Rev. Sam D. Fry.

"How about a haircut tonight, Chuck?" the preacher asks. "I'm past due."

Barbering is a "hobby" with the stocky, 38-year-old crew-cut World War II veteran. Accepting appointments at night in the small shop he installed in his home, he cuts some 50 heads a month. But barbering is only one of the activities that make Chuck Broughton the town's busiest man.

It isn't far to home and lunch. He passes Urban's General Store, the commercial heart of town. Nearby is the firehall, the newest building around. He's a volunteer fireman and serves as chaplain. As a member of the building committee, he helped secure materials for the project and spent a week of post-office leave helping to build the station. When Morris firemen hold their Labor Day celebration, it's always Chuck who turns out the french fries.

Near Jim Root's service station, he pauses to answer a question, waves to a passerby driving along the asphalt highway that twists through Morris, and then cuts through a neighbor's yard to reach his own. The day is sunny, a mid-April charmer, and Chuck notes that the high mountain walls which first surround, then come sweeping down into the town, are bursting with buds.

It does not occur to him that hundreds of thousands of city dwellers also are going to lunch in places like Pittsburgh and Philadelphia—not at his leisurely pace to their own homes, but rushing helter-skelter into lines at busy restaurants and cafeterias.

Chuck's wife, Dotti, greets him in the kitchen. It so happens that her parents, who live on a farm near Morris, have given them a quarter of beef from which she has cooked an aromatic stew. Her husband sits down before a tossed salad, home-canned pickles, and a loaf of homemade bread.

Their comfortable, modern home has grown as the family has grown.

Before the evening's first haircut, Chuck plays a double role—while tending Baby Holli, he helps Teri with one of tomorrow's lessons.

Another job for carpenter-barber-postmaster Broughton is his "dormitory"—a room addition—for the girls. At right, he reviews old photos and old memories with Dorothy—children's church-school pianist and teacher, and 4-H leader—whose added home duties have curtailed somewhat her many outside activities.

Dotti and Chuck purchased it, unfinished, when they were married in 1948. A self-taught carpenter and mason, Chuck has added bedrooms, a recreation room, and combination fallout shelter-den (built to Civil Defense specifications) which now is nearing completion. When a severe ice storm cut off electricity for two days last March, the Broughtons moved into the recreation room and slept before the fireplace in sleeping bags—much to the delight of their children.

A tail gunner on a B-29 in the Pacific, Chuck flew nine missions—but the important thing about his military career, it turned out, was the correspondence that began when a Liberty, Pa., high-school girl picked his name from a list of servicemen in a newspaper. While on furlough, driving to meet her face-to-face for the first time, Chuck fixed two flat tires before finally arriving at the farm. After what Dotti describes as "the three longest years in my life," they were married.

Returning to work after lunch, Chuck notes that some of the gardens along the way are about ready for planting. Soon the steep slopes of Bald Mountain behind the general store will be alive with summer greenery. Then he, Dotti, and the kids can look forward to the first flicker of fall color in the woods. That, too, is a good season to be alive in a town like Morris.

If you should ask the Broughtons, however, which of their seasons is the best, they'll reply:

"Why, all of them!" □

Everybody stays home on Tuesday night, family night at the Broughtons. Father usually reads the devotion, mother prays, and each child reads a selection of his own before the group.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

WHEN should you start dating? Is it wise to go steady? Let's look at dates and dating.

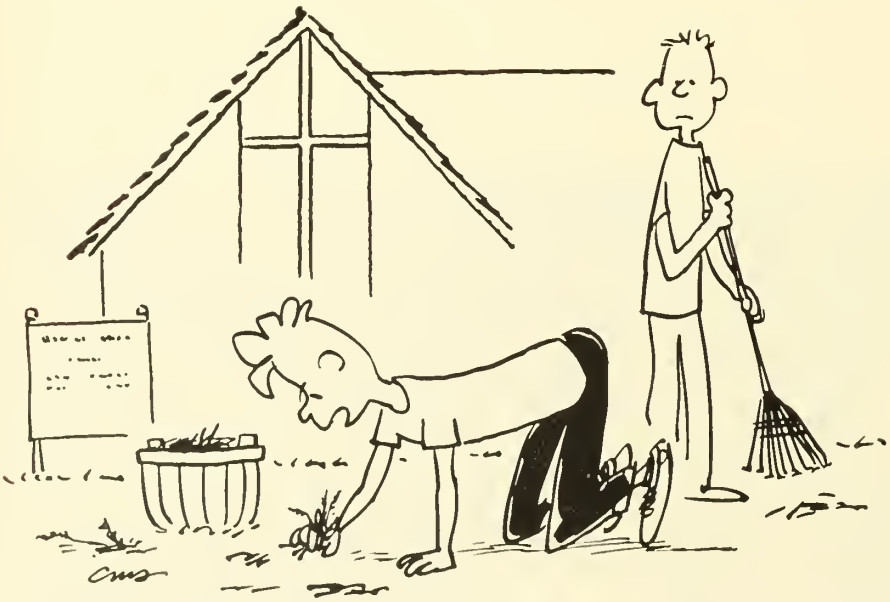
In some neighborhoods, girls of 13 and 14 go out with boys regularly. In other places, a girl of 15 who has dates is considered wild. There is no magic age when you should start dating. I suggest you begin at about the time your nice friends commence. Do not be the first in your crowd to have dates. Do not be the last, if you can help it. The middle course usually is best.

Try to be choosy. Go out with boys, or girls, who have a sense of humor, are not too self-centered, come from decent homes, and can have fun without necking or petting. Double dates are a good way to start dating.

Be sure to introduce your boy or girl friend to your folks. This is especially important if you are a girl. Your escort should not drive up, honk the horn, and wait in his car for you. Instead, he should come inside so your parents can meet him.

Do not think of going steady until you are 16 or 17. Before that get acquainted with as many nice kids as you can. Then you will learn to tell the real friends from the phonies, and be able to spot the bad-tempered, self-centered ones who make people miserable. When the time comes to pick a husband or wife, you will be able to do a better job for having known many.

When you start going steady, be careful. You may fall in love much too soon. Remember that nearly everyone is in and out of love several times during the teens. Do not commit yourself too far. And try to be strong when a breakup comes. Good luck!



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I'll bet the churches at Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamum, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea never even heard of crabgrass!"

Q&A

I am a girl, 13, and am having trouble with a former friend who lives nearby. She gets jealous the minute I make friends with anyone else. She tells lies about me to make others stop liking me. My mother says I should ignore her. However, that girl is ruining my life. What can I do?—R.L. Follow your mother's advice. The girl cannot really ruin your life. The lies she tells will boomerang and hurt her. Your friends know they are fibs and resent the fact that she tells them. Just ignore her behavior.

Q&A

I'm a boy, 15, in love with a girl who doesn't even like me. I am a good Christian and pray to God to help me. Surely he could make her love me if he wanted to. My prayers aren't answered. Can you tell me why?—R.T. I believe you are praying for the wrong things. Our prayers should not consist of requests for favors. We should pray for others who are in need of God's mercy, and for strength and courage to live steadfast Christian lives. Such unselfish prayers are answered. The other kind usually seem not to be.

Q&A

I am a boy, 15. I asked a girl of 14 to go steady. She talked with her mother about it. Her mother got very mad and said her daughter couldn't go steady with me because my mother smokes. I ask you, Dr. Barbour, is that fair?—P.D. The girl's mother may have had more than the smoking in mind. Fourteen is quite young to go steady. However, if your mother's smoking is really the only reason, I would be inclined to agree with you. You should not be condemned because of your mother's habit.

Q&A

I am a girl, 15. A year ago, we moved from a town near New York to a city in Kansas. Back home, all the

kids necked and petted on dates. Out here, fewer than half of them do. I have a reputation for being "fast" because I do things done by the kids where I came from. Does this make me a bad girl?—B.S. Standards vary from place to place. Rightly or wrongly, most young people follow the practices of those around them. The standards in your new community are better than those in your former one. You should stop necking and petting. Then there will be no question about your being a good girl.

Q&A

I'm a girl of 16. I went to my first school dance this spring and acted like a nut. I didn't want to, but I kept saying cruel things. I told a girl I couldn't see her face because of her beak. I insulted a boy who was perspiring. My boyfriend was embarrassed. Why was I that way? Will I ever be better?—C.K. Because you were excited and embarrassed, you were impelled to say things to attract attention. You will not do this when you get over your embarrassment. Muzzle yourself at dances. Explain your silence to your boyfriend, so he will understand. Soon you will be able to control your tongue.

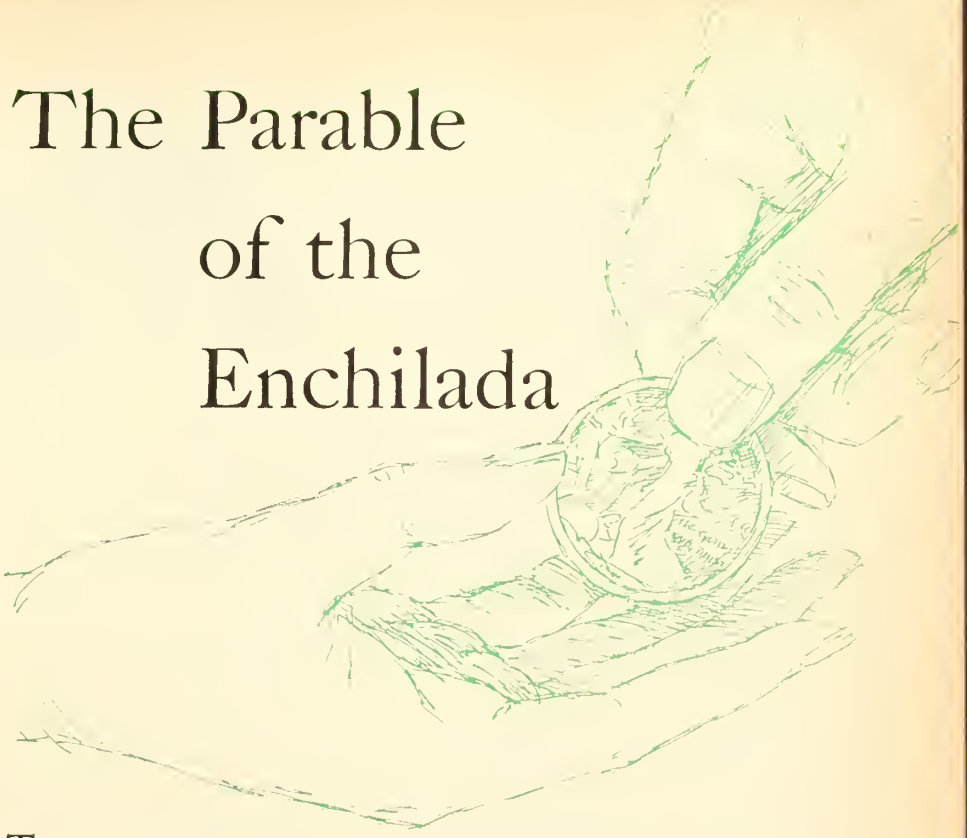
Q&A

I am 17, in love with a boy who is barely 16. We've been going together for three months. We feel our love is holy. Our trouble is that we want to make love without any limits. —P.R. Even though you both think you are truly in love, you undoubtedly misjudge your feelings. In a few months, you may discover that it was merely infatuation. Our church doctrines and our laws are definite. Making love without restraint would be a grave mistake for both of you. Don't park and neck. Avoid situations in which you will be tempted. You will never be sorry.

Q&A

I'm 14. I'm not "boy-crazy," but I do like boys. I have a friend who walks me to school. He's an honor student. His dad is vice-president of our bank. We laugh a lot. I think he's wonderful. My problem is my grandmother. She says I'm too young to

The Parable of the Enchilada



THE GNARLED little janitress was busily sweeping a hallway in Methodist-operated Plaza Community Center in Los Angeles when the Rev. Nicolas Davila found her. She turned when he called, wondering what his business with her could be.

"Nicolasa," said the pastor, pressing a 50-cent piece into her hand, "this is a talent. Use it wisely and it will increase." He told her Jesus' parable of the talents, and she listened wide-eyed as he explained how some people can make one coin become many while others fail to make use of what they have.

That was six years ago. Since that time, Nicolasa has proved that she learned her biblical lesson well.

A few weeks after receiving the half-dollar gift, Nicolasa knocked on the door of Mr. Davila's study. Shyly, she held out $17.50 to the pastor. In English which whispered of her Mexican background, the small woman explained that the half-dollar had paid for some cheese and tortillas. From these she had made enchiladas and sold them, then bought more cheese and tortillas and sold still more enchiladas.

Now she had $35 and wished to give half to the community center. The other half, she said, would finance more enchilada ingredients.

"Is this not the meaning of the tale you told me?" she asked.

In the following months, Nicolasa swept and scrubbed and dusted during the day, but she spent her spare moments making and selling enchiladas.

One day, she proudly showed the minister a bankbook. She had saved $100, and she had plans for it.

Ever since she had visited her native Mexico a year earlier, she explained, she had worried about the many poverty-stricken people she had seen. She wanted to help them, and now she could.

From a brother in San Luis, Mexico, she requested the names of 33 orphans there and 33 more in the town of Nochistlan. She asked another brother in Mexico to list 33 old people who hadn't enough to eat.

"Thirty-three is the number of years Christ lived," she smiled, "and I want to say happy birthday to the Baby Jesus."

So it was that on Christmas Day, 1958, 66 orphans got gifts from a $90-a-month charwoman in California, and 33 destitute old folks who thought they did not have a friend in the world received little gifts. And because there was some money left over, four prisoners in Mexico jails received presents, too.

Now past 65, Nicolasa recently retired from work at the community center. Her last day brought gifts, flowers, a banquet, and speeches in recognition of her 25 years of service. Oh, yes, she still practices the parable of the talents, too. But now there's a slightly different twist—she makes tamales instead of enchiladas.

—FRANCES HATHAWAY

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Does insurance deny our 'trust' in God? Of course not, though some people have used the words "Do not be anxious about tomorrow" (Matthew 6:34) to mean such carelessness about consequences.

Trusting in God is believing in his purposes for his world and using his methods to achieve these purposes, so far as they can be discovered or discerned. We do not trust him when we refuse to take responsibility for our own acts and provide, as much as we can, for our own needs and the needs of those close to us.

On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the worrier is really Christian.

What do miracles prove? They prove what kind of persons we are. They come to all of us, and the proof of each miracle is what it does to us. "You will seek me and find me, when you seek me with all your heart" (Jeremiah 29:13).

Miracles do not just happen; they are acts. In effect, Jesus said to the paralytic (Mark 2:1-12): This is an authoritative intervention of the natural law, and it is an intervention of the law of guilt and retribution, too.

When Jesus said, "Your sins are forgiven," he was not strengthening the invisible act of forgiveness by a visible act of healing to make the people see what they already believed about him. There would have been no point in such proof, for faith is a matter of acting, not mere thinking.

Helmut Thielicke puts it well in *Man in God's World:* "The purpose of this miracle is not to 'prove' and, therefore, be something more than the Word, but rather to expound and interpret the Word. It expresses the fact that the Word of forgiveness is not a matter of teaching and doctrine, but rather of an act. 'Your sins are forgiven!' "

Can we pray 'constantly'? Is Paul fair in suggesting this as the mark of a Christian? Moffatt translates 1 Thessalonians 5:17, "Never give up prayer"; and Goodspeed has it, "Never give up praying." Isn't this expecting too much?

Most people who know most about Christian living think not. Paul did not mean that we keep up a constant stream of talk Godward, or that we hand him a shopping list saying, as Gerald Heard puts it, "Fill this in five minutes."

Paul undoubtedly had his special times for prayer, yet he felt himself constantly in the presence of God. He burst into bits of prayer for himself or for others. He was always praying for certain causes. He lived in an atmosphere of adoration and thanksgiving. So must we!

"Questions and answers are the vitamins of thought," explains Bishop Nall, longtime editor and now episcopal leader of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church. "No paragraph answer can be complete; it is only a starter for further thinking."

care for boys and fears the worst. My father agrees with her. My mother says it is all right for me to have a boyfriend. Am I a bad girl, Dr. Barbour?—R.C. I'm sure you are not a bad girl. I can see why you feel puzzled. Well-meaning parents can confuse teen-agers by giving them conflicting advice. Your mother is right. Interest in boys comes naturally to modern girls of 14. Your father and grandmother do not realize it, but you are beginning to mature. Probably your grandmother did not reach your stage of development until she was 15 or more. Ask your father to discuss boy-girl friendships with your school counselor or your girls' vice-principal.

Q&A

I'm a girl of 13. Nearly every Saturday my two cousins visit our house. They are boys, 14 and 16. My father makes us stay in the house where Mama is. He won't let me go into the woods near our home with my cousins. He says they have bad reputations. Is that a decent way to talk about his own nephews?—W.S. What your dad says is not flattering, but it may be true. Your parents love you and want to protect you. They are aware of dangers you do not see. Obey your father and try to be pleasant about it.

Q&A

I'm 16. Last week a boy told me that he liked me. He's the first one who has ever said that. I was so happy that I cried. The next day he told my girl friend that he thought I was a mess. He gave her the impression that he hated me. Why would he be so changeable?—M.J. Many boys are changeable and so are many girls. Possibly the fact that you cried when he told you he liked you upset him. Most boys feel helpless and resentful when a girl cries. Keep on being friends with him. Try not to show your emotions. You may win him back.

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Teens: *You are not alone in your problems, for Dr. Barbour is always eager to help. Of course, he will keep your identity confidential. Write to him c/o* TOGETHER, *Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.* —EDITORS

Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

I AM going to devote my space this month to just one book—a book that was a pleasure to read and that revealed the modern time in all its big pretension and small accomplishment. Without any preaching and with no apparent moralizing, this writer has held up a mirror to our life and the reflected image is not very good.

I am talking about **REUBEN, REUBEN, by Peter DeVries (*Little, Brown, $5.95*)**.

When it comes to a knowledge of our society and a knowledge of man, DeVries is unexcelled. Dr. Lawrence S. Kubie, psychiatrist, once remarked that without self-knowledge, "We can have the neurotic raw material of literature but not mature literature. We can have no adults, but only aging children who are armed with words." So many books seem to reflect these aging children who have learned to use words. *Reuben, Reuben* is a knowledgeable novel full of humor, satire, wit, and prophecy.

The book, divided into three parts, centers events around three main characters. It begins with a chicken farmer in Connecticut by the name of Spofford, who has retired and wants to write about the new commuter population of his Connecticut town. He becomes a handyman in order to learn about these people and to see into their homes. He begins to tell his story with these words:

"Given a little money, education, and social standing, plus, of course, the necessary leisure, any man with any style at all can make a mess of his love life. And given these, plus a little of the right to self-realization that goes with modern life, a little of the old self-analysis, any woman with any gumption at all can make a shambles of her marriage. Statistics show it every day."

A book that begins like that has to have something. For about a third of the way through the book, Spofford observes and comments in a style that is far from polished but direct and living. He observes the extra-marital affairs of the wives and husbands of the well-to-do. He sees the snobbery of one family which breaks the heart of his attractive granddaughter. He becomes the friend of a visiting poet and finds that they get along very well.

Commenting on the local minister who is called in to talk to Geneva, his granddaughter, when she was having so much trouble, Spofford says, "It's been my experience that most ministers ain't as bad as they sound but since all you can do is listen to them what . . . good does that do you?" Spofford is old-fashioned in some ways but he is not an old fogy longing for the good old days. He is a man trying to comprehend who these modern people are and what they really are seeking.

The second part of the book is the story of Gowan McGland, the Scottish poet, who may be modeled on the late Dylan Thomas although I do not know enough about Thomas to be sure.

McGland has a vociferous appetite for women, and he exists by being a houseguest usually pampered by the wife and hated by the husband. He has some real talent and considerable showmanship ability. He has no great respect for those who look after him, for he can see through the phoniness of so much of the life about him, and is aware of his own shortcomings.

There is a kind of comic quality about McGland that appeals to those who see through the showmanship. There is also a tragic quality about his life. For example, his teeth cause him a great deal of trouble, and he fears the day when they will all be gone and he will have no more attractiveness for women. Actually McGland ends life a suicide because a successful dentist—irritated by his wife's infatuation for the poet—pulls a tooth that should not have been pulled.

This sounds a little ridiculous, but, believe me, when you read the experiences of McGland, it does not seem ridiculous at all but very sad. Such is the writing ability of DeVries.

The last part of the book is the story of a young Englishman named Alvin Mopworth. He has come to America to follow McGland around since he wants to write a book about him. He stays on and interviews people who knew McGland in the little Connecticut town of Woodsmoke. He marries Geneva, Spofford's granddaughter, although he has been the victim of scandalmongering implying that he is not normal sexually.

This opens up a chance for DeVries to point out the ridiculousness of much of our psychological binge. No matter what a man does, he is covering up for something. No matter how normal he may seem, this must indicate that he is abnormal. Whatever he is doing, apparently he is doing it for just the opposite impulse.

There is a wonderful scene where Mopworth is talking to a psychiatrist in a hospital where he has gone to influence his wife regarding his sincerity. The marriage, of course, breaks up, and you can see it coming with all the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Yet once again the people themselves are likeable and have certain decent qualities about them.

When Mopworth has an affair with McGland's widow, apparently there is no real reason for it at all. Deep down, he is in love with his wife, but it is the times and the expectation.

I do not know a modern writer with such sharp perception for the minor thing which reflects truth. DeVries has a humor that is wonderful, making anything he writes a sheer joy to read. He speaks in one place of an abstract painting which looked not as if it had been painted but as if it had been vomited.

His criticism is never heavy or lugubrious. Men like him can help keep us sane in a world where too often insanity becomes the norm.

You perhaps have heard the story of the dog that was being shipped somewhere and managed to chew the tag off his collar and swallow it. He ended up in a small Midwestern town. The baggagemaster, not knowing what else to do, shipped him off to Washington. He sent a note accompanying the dog which read, "Here is nobody, from nowhere, going no place." This is the way I felt about the people of *Reuben, Reuben*. But the best part about it is that there is also a haunting faith that it does not have to be that way. □

Looks at NEW Books

"JIM, THAT Russian spy the FBI just caught. The Bar Association wants you to defend him. What do you think?"

Those words spoken over the telephone to **James B. Donovan** put him into the midst of the greatest spy case of our generation. Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, for years chief of Soviet espionage in the United States, had been arrested in a New York City hotel room, and, in accordance with U.S. Constitutional guarantees, the federal court was required to find a lawyer to defend him.

When Donovan acceded to the Bar Association's request to accept the assignment, he knew he would be blamed by a lot of people who do not understand how a lawyer can defend somebody he knows is guilty, and that he himself would be accused of communist sympathies. But he also knew it was in the national interest that the Russian spy receive a fair hearing—American justice itself would be on trial.

He tells the story of the colonel's defense through the United States District Court of Brooklyn to the Supreme Court of the United States, and then of Abel's subsequent exchange for the U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers in ***Strangers on a Bridge, the Case of Colonel Abel*** (Atheneum, $6.95). It tops any paperback thriller in interest, but, more important, it is a graphic example of our Constitution's guarantee of fair trial.

Donovan, himself, would be a first-rate subject for an exciting book. A line officer in the Navy during World War II, he was general counsel of the Office of Strategic Services. After the war he was associate prosecutor at the principal Nuremberg war-crimes trial. Since 1950 he has acted as chief counsel in major trials and appeals in more than 30 states. And it was he who obtained the release of over 9,700 Cubans and Americans from Castro's prisons. Now he is president of the Board of Education of New York City, not too peaceful a job either, in the light of current problems and controversies involving city schools.

A story written with the special magic only **Pearl S. Buck** can conjure has been combined with candid photographs by Alan D. Haas for ***Welcome Child*** (John Day, $3.95), a record of the adventures of a little girl from Korea as she becomes an American citizen and part of an American family.

Kim is not the delightful, almond-eyed child's real name, but the story is true, and it will bring a special glow to all children who, like her, are adopted and, thus, truly welcome children.

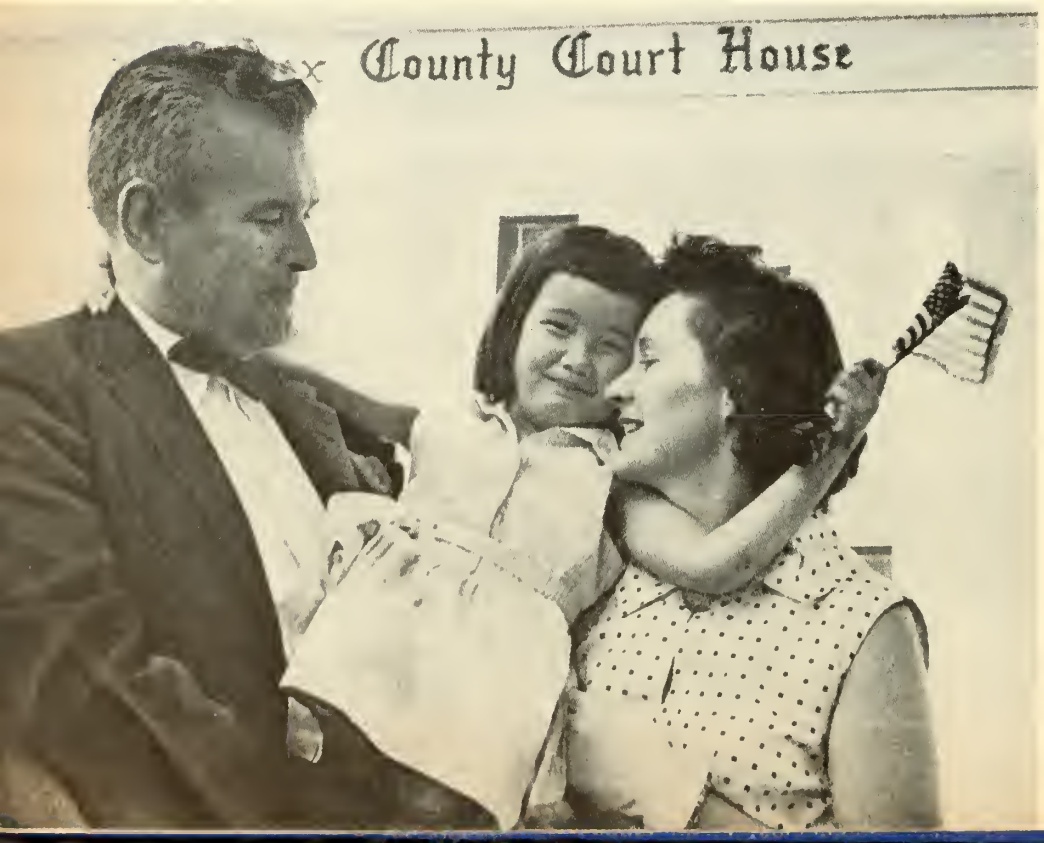
The Deputy, a play that castigates Pope Pius XII for not speaking out against nazi extermination of the Jews during World War II, is the most controversial literary work in a generation [See *A Furor Over Silence*, June, page 21].

Rescue in Denmark (Simon and Schuster, $4.95) will not get such attention, but **Harold Flender**'s factual account of how occupied Denmark rose as a nation to save the Danish Jews from nazi gas chambers is one of the most inspiring stories to come out of that war.

It began on the morning of September 30, 1943. Rabbi Marcus Melchior stood before the Holy Ark of the 110-year-old Copenhagen Synagogue and announced there would be no service that morning:

"Instead, I have very important news to tell you. Last night I received word that tomorrow the Germans plan to raid Jewish homes throughout Copenhagen to arrest all the Danish Jews for shipment to concentration camps. They know that tomorrow is Rosh Hashanah and our families will be home.

"The situation is very serious. We must take action immediately. You must leave the synagogue now and contact all relatives, friends, and neighbors you know are Jewish, and tell them what I have told you. You must tell them to pass the word on to everyone they know is Jewish. You must also speak to all your Christian friends and tell them to warn the Jews. You must do this immediately, within



The glorious day comes when Welcome Child *Kim becomes an American citizen and waves her new little American flag.*

the next few minutes, so that two or three hours from now everyone will know what is happening. By nightfall tonight we must all be in hiding."

Eight thousand Jews lived in Denmark, 95 percent of them in Copenhagen. But so well did they carry out the rabbi's instructions, and so wholeheartedly did their Christian friends co-operate to hide them that when the Gestapo arrived at the doors of their residences, few were at home. By the end of October, the Nazis had been able to find only 472 Danish Jews to ship to the Theresienstadt concentration camp.

The intrepid Danes established an unbelievably efficient escape operation, ferrying their Jewish friends and neighbors to neutral Sweden in fishing boats. When they ran out of Jews to save, they started shipping out saboteurs and resistance leaders who were being too closely pursued by the Gestapo.

Even in Theresienstadt, the Danish Jews fared better than prisoners from Germany. Their Danish compatriots sent them food parcels, cleverly attaching two-way mailing forms that required the signature of the receiver to be sent back to the sender. The bureaucratic Germans, automatically complying with the requirement, passed all parcels on to the proper addressees.

And the Danish government was ceaseless in its requests for a Danish Red Cross Commission to be allowed to visit the camp. This was permitted in the spring of 1944, and in the spring of 1945 an arrangement between Swedish Count Folke Bernadotte and Heinrich Himmler permitted all Danish prisoners to be taken to Sweden.

Why did Denmark alone behave, as a nation, with such compassion, unity, and effectiveness? Primarily because the Danes were people who cared. Secondly, there was no prejudice against the Jewish people in Denmark. Mogens Staffeldt, through whose bookshop at least 600 Jews passed on their way to Sweden, voiced their typical reaction: "I never think of a man as a Jew or not. It makes no difference to me. At that time I was helping people in trouble."

INCONSISTENCY

What instinct warns
That a rusty nail
Stepped on is serious,
Without fail;
That snakebite calls
For immediacy
Of antidote—
While sometimes we
Neglect far longer
Than we ought,
The poison spread
By a certain thought?

—Elaine V. Emans

My desk dictionary, admittedly not an unabridged, defines episode as "a set of events that stand out or apart from others as of particular moment."

Eric Hodgins' book ***Episode*** (Atheneum, $5) fulfills that definition. It is a report of his stroke, in medical terminology a cerebro-vascular accident (CVA) and in doctor-to-patient talk referred to as: "Your, uh, Episode."

It takes an unusually gifted writer to make the story of such an accident inside the skull, and its slow attendant recovery, funny and at the same time informative, but Hodgins is such a writer. When you get through laughing yourself through his book, you find that you have learned a staggering amount about strokes, aphasia (impairment of the power to use or understand speech), hospitals, and medical care.

"I do know that something in addition to medical skill and dedication saved me," Hodgins writes, "and I know what that something was. It was cash." His sojourn in the hospital, what with one thing and another, cost him $14,020.01.

For Preachers and Other Sinners (Harper & Row, $3) is a category that certainly includes us all, and so it is a pleasure to recommend to you **Bishop Gerald Kennedy**'s tongue-in-cheek commentary on assembly-line religion, church committee meetings, memorial giving, and other churchly matters.

It is a sparkling, incisive book that will inspire, delight, or infuriate, depending on how closely the reader is wrapped in his foibles.

Going steady, making out, what leads you into trouble and how you can help yourself stay out of it, to drink or not to drink, venereal disease, homosexuality, the difference between sex and love, other things the teen-ager wonders—and worries—about are discussed with the kind of frankness and wisdom every young person hopes to meet up with in an adult in ***Ann Landers Talks to Teen-Agers About Sex*** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95).

Miss Landers, in private life Mrs. Jules Lederer and the mother of a daughter just recently through her teens, has a human-problems column in more than 550 newspapers. Her brisk, commonsense, sometimes humorous answers to questions she receives from readers at the rate of 25,000 a month have made her the country's most widely read human-relations columnist.

To every preschooler it seems that he will never reach that exciting day when he can join the older children on the school bus. It is for youngsters this age that **Jean Tamburine** has written and illustrated ***Almost Big Enough*** (Abingdon, $2.50).

This is the story of Susy, who acted out her highly inaccurate ideas of what school was like until the day she was invited to visit kindergarten. It was a day full of surprise and wonder, and it made her very happy that she was almost big enough to go to school.

Reading it aloud to your preschooler would be the best possible preparation for kindergarten.

Kindergartners and their brothers and sisters in the first and second grade will cherish ***I Go to Church*** (Abingdon, $1.50), which follows a small boy to church school. He talks with his teacher, he listens to stories, he sings and helps with the offering, he visits the sanctuary and hears the minister speak. Above all, he feels at home in his church.

The story is by **Harriet A. Roorbach**. David R. Baker is responsible for the lifelike illustrations.

First and second-graders will enjoy ***Snowball, The Trick Pony*** (Reilly & Lee, $2.95). This true story of a pony's introduction to circus life is told in photographs and simple text by **Charles Philip Fox**.

What kind of pine has the sharpest needles? A porcupine.

That is the kind of poser kids of all ages will find in ***Bennett Cerf's Book of Animal Riddles*** (Beginner Books, $1.95). Roy McKie adds to the fun with lively, good-humored illustrations.

Young children can read it to themselves—if they can get it away from older members of the family.

Facts embellished with an engaging narrative can make a period of history live again. ***Bamie: Theodore Roosevelt's Remarkable Sister*** (McKay, $5.95) does just that.

Lilian Rixey has based this biography on the personal memoirs of Anna Roosevelt Cowles, called Bamie by her family. When Theodore's first wife died, it was Bamie who undertook the care of his daughter, Alice. It was she alone of all the Roosevelt clan who approved Eleanor Roosevelt's marriage to her fifth cousin, Franklin Delano

Roosevelt. It was Bamie, in the years before and after her marriage to William Sheffield Cowles, who "managed" her family and associates.

The vivacious quality and zeal for life that characterized the vast Roosevelt clan set a new tone in American politics during the opening years of this century. Its resemblance to the Kennedy clan is striking.

Father came home, tired and weary. And what did he find when he opened the door? The whole household was in an uproar. Not just the children, the dog and cat, too. Finally the mouse admitted he had started the chain reaction, and each of the culprits admitted his share and apologized.

That is the story for younger readers to unravel in ***The Sorely Trying Day*** (Harper & Row, $1.95). It is told with humor by **Russell Hoban** and illustrated in quaint Victorian style by Lillian Hoban. Amidst the good fun, discerning readers will discover the chain of cause and effect that sometimes takes place in human relations.

A book for young readers, ***Shakespeare's England*** (Horizon Caravel Book, $3.95), reminded me that the world's greatest playwright was born just 400 years ago. My first thought was that time certainly does fly. It was prompted, perhaps, by the liveliness of the illustrations and the vividness with which the **editors of *Horizon Magazine*** have written the narrative.

Shakespeare was fortunate to arrive in London during the 1580s, they point out. The first professional theater had opened there only in 1576, and two others had come along shortly after. Play going was popular. Queen Elizabeth invited leading companies to perform at court, and new material for acting was in great demand. Yet just one generation after Shakespeare's death, the Puritans closed England's theaters.

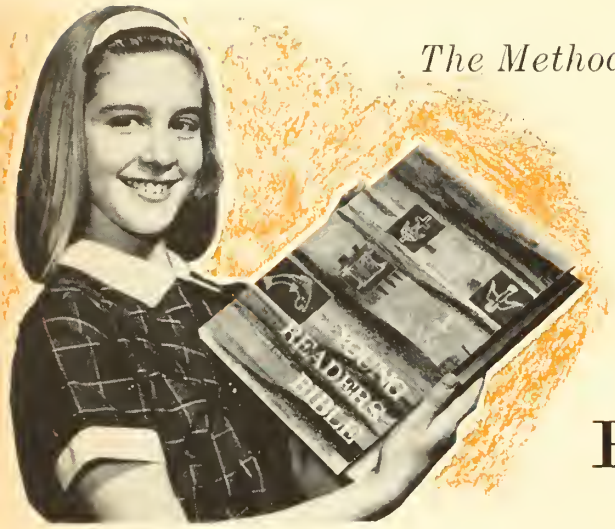
Shakespeare's England traces the development of the English theater from medieval mystery plays to Jacobean drama.

A companion book, also for young folks, is ***London*** (Rand McNally, $2.75), in which **Maurice Rosenbaum** takes his readers for walks around the various sections of the British capital and on a leisurely river trip between Putney and Greenwich. It is a picture of a city at work and at play, with incomparable skylines now in an exciting stage of transformation, great new buildings, and quaint byways. Relics and memories of a great past and the shops, concert halls, museums, art galleries, and parks of the present are all there.

The book is one of Rand McNally's *Cities of the World* series.

Several years ago when I was visiting friends in Florida their small daughter presented me with a box of sea shells. At my next stop I received a worried postcard from her mother. The shells had not been checked by an adult to see if they were alive, it said, and so if they started smelling they hoped I would forgive the little donor, for she had given them to me because she loved me so.

The shells did not smell, and I still have them tucked away in my desk. I remembered the incident and the fascination of the Florida coast as I looked through ***Along the Seashore*** (Abingdon, $3), for this excellent guide written and illustrated by **Margaret Waring Buck** shows what



The Methodist Church designs a

Bible for Young Readers

A YOUNGSTER tripping off to church school with a miniature Bible under his arm is an appealing sight. But that tiny book, so delightfully scaled to his size, is a difficult introduction to the riches of biblical literature. Its small pages are crowded with type that is equally small. Pictures, maps, and helps all are marshaled at the back, requiring special effort to find them.

This fall, however, children will have a brand new edition of the Holy Bible designed especially for them. It will take its place with the new curriculum materials that also will be introduced into church-school classrooms this year [see *New-Look Lessons for Church Schools*, June, 1963, page 30].

This new *Young Reader's Bible* will have generous-sized pages, 8½ by 11½ inches. The unabridged text of the Revised Standard Version will appear in easy-to-read type, two columns to a page. Long and tedious lists of names, rules of the ancient Hebrews, and materials and rules for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem will be set in smaller type for the reader to read or skip over as he pleases. Action pictures, church symbols, and maps appear right by the text they illustrate.

Aids to understanding the whole Bible will appear on the first pages. More will introduce each individual book and an outline of each book will be inserted into the text in the form of headings. General reference maps, in color, will be found in the back pages.

Chapter and verse indications in the margins will help the young reader to find references easily and quickly.

Its editors, Dr. Henry M. Bullock, editor of Methodist church-school publications, and Dr. Edward C. Peterson, editor of Methodist children's publications, say that since the actual text of the Bible will not be changed, the Scriptures themselves will not be any easier to read. However, they point out that the attractive, usable way the text is presented will give the young reader, and his parents and teachers, a better opportunity to understand this book the church treasures most.

The A. J. Holman Company is publishing the *Young Reader's Bible* exclusively for the Cokesbury Division of The Methodist Publishing House, but its use will not be limited to Methodist children. Already, Cokesbury is receiving a flood of inquiries from other denominations. And people of all ages will find help in the innovations it contains. □

the shells look like when occupied by their original inhabitants.

Her book is for young naturalists and identifies the more common species of plants and animals that live in or near the waters surrounding the continental United States.

After writing more than 20 books for adults and young people on American history, **Gerald W. Johnson** has established a reputation for making history intelligible. Now he has taken up the subject of communism and deals with it as forthrightly as he has dealt with our own presidency, Congress, and Supreme Court.

Communism: An American's View (Morrow, $3.50) is an excellent overall view of the communist movement from the thinking of Karl Marx to the actions of Nikita Khrushchev. Johnson wrote it for young people over 10, but no adult needs to be self-conscious about refreshing his own knowledge through it.

During World War II, Washington, D.C., buzzed with young people—servicemen and women, and the girls who poured into the capital for government jobs.

An incredible number of them found their way to historic New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, drawn there by a young Scottish minister. Powerful in the pulpit, dignified as chaplain of the United States Senate, **Peter Marshall** was a beloved companion and valiant parcheesi player with his young parishioners.

When he died in 1949 his files contained the complete manuscripts for 600 sermons. His wife, Catherine, has selected 12 that had a special appeal for the young people and prepared them for publication in ***John Doe, Disciple*** (McGraw-Hill, $4.50). She has written brief introductions for each of them that add up to a lively and appealing portrait of the preacher himself.

Time has not dulled the effectiveness of what Dr. Marshall had to say, and his sermons read as well as they preached.

It is no new idea to write about the men and women around the cross, but **Clark W. Hunt**, senior minister of the First Methodist Church of Westfield, N.J., has done a good job with this old theme in ***Living in the Light of the Cross*** (Abingdon, $2.75). He presents each person in terms of what we can learn from them today.

The book's chapters were originally preached as sermons, and Dr. Hunt either preaches in exceptionally good literary style or has adapted them expertly to appeal to the reader's eyes as well as the listener's ears.

—BARNABAS

"Suffer Little Children..."

White or black, Puerto Ricans or reservation Indians, they are all God's children and your Annuity dollars can bring them to the Saviour while assuring you an income for LIFE. Indeed your Annuity gift reaches around the world, in every continent, bringing the good news of Salvation not only to children but to adults as well.

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Attention: Dr. Ashton A. Almand Dept. T7-43-4

Gentlemen: Please send me full information regarding your Annuity Plan and FREE copy of beautiful booklet "Bright Horizons."

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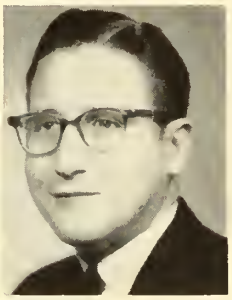
Light Unto My Path

Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International Sunday School Lessons

Frank M. New
Urbana, Ill.

H. G. Thach
Roanoke, Va.

Feltham S. James
Columbia, S.C.



Thomas L. Jones
Malakoff, Texas

JULY 5

Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.
—Hebrews 13:2

HAVE you seen any angels lately? There are some around if we are so inclined to recognize them.

In Judges 13:8, an angel is a "man of God" who makes known to us what God's will is for our lives. Does not God still find ways today to guide us in doing his will? If the message is not coming through, it is not because there is no message; the fault lies in our poor reception. Perhaps we are not really tuned in to the channel of God's kingdom. We must constantly remind ourselves that God never ceases sending us his messages.

The author of Hebrews believed that in people, even strangers, we might be entertaining angels (persons bringing God's message to us) without our knowing it. The point is that in showing hospitality to all persons, strangers included, we very well may be the one who profits without having set out with any motive for personal gain.

In the biblical sense, what the angel frequently brings from God to man is a gift that man really needs. Many times the persons who were thus visited tried to repay the angel. But an angel is not for hire. So the best way to repay the angel is to give God that which will please him most: our lives, completely committed to him. That is the only offering of any value that we can give him. He has everything else.

When God's message gets through to us, and we have given God our lives, then comes the assurance to us that the eyes of the soul have seen God. Then it is that we know he is our God and we are his people. He does speak to us.

Prayer: God, help us to hear and heed thy message. And may we serve as thy messengers in our own day. Amen.

—FRANK M. NEW

GARDENERS

Bright buttercups and daffodils
Shine in the night sky's flower bed;
From up above their beauty spills,
With God the Gardener overhead.

Today I buried in the sod
Small beads of seedlings, row on row;
Sweet blossoms soon will grow with God,
And I, the gardener, here below.

—JEAN MERGARD

JULY 12

Blessed be the Lord, who daily bears us up; God is our salvation. Selah.—Psalms 68:19

TWENTY years ago, handcuffed and securely locked in a Navy hospital quiet cell, I was filled with righteous indignation as I listened to men in the other cells moan and shout in fear, anger, and physical pain.

I found that my past religious experiences were not sufficient for my needs and I was surely being motivated toward a serious mental breakdown. As I walked back and forth in that small cell, I prayed:

"Touch me again, dear Lord, I pray; / Touch me again, dear Lord, this day; / Touch me, dear Lord, that I may be / Able to comprehend Thy will for me."

I learned through experience that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (Psalms 127:1) applies not only to the earthly temples but to the spiritual temples which we, as humans, are supposed to become. Oh, it is a wonderful way of life—allowing the Lord daily to pour out his benefits upon us!

The abiding sense of joy and purpose—realized by becoming a coworker with God and his people—is constant only as we allow his benefits to flow through us into a sick and needful world.

We can easily dam up the outlets of God's benefits from our lives by just refusing really to love someone other than ourselves. These benefits—forgiveness, new life, faith, hope, peace—can become as stagnant as the waters of the Dead Sea when one seeks to live only unto himself. We must "be about our Father's business" daily if we wish to be able to say with the psalmist: "Blessed be the Lord, who daily bears us up . . ."

Prayer: Father, keep us forever thankful that thou hast provided the Way which leadeth unto life. Help us daily to open our hearts to thee and thy needy children along the pathway of life. Amen.

—H. G. THACH

JULY 19

Wherefore say unto the children of Israel, I am the Lord, and I will bring you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians, and I will rid you out of their bondage, and I will redeem you with a stretched out arm, and with great judgments.—Exodus 6:6

MOSES told them, but they would not listen. Men of God still tell them and still they do not listen: "Say to the people, 'I am the Lord.'"

Israel was not immortal. Nations today are not immortal. If people and nations are to attain their destiny in God's world, they cannot go on as though God does not exist. Say to the nations, "I am the Lord."

We try to settle the problems of the world; we try to settle the difficulties of our communities; we try to settle the affairs of our own lives—all without God. And we fail. We fail, in spite of our opinion to the contrary, because we are not capable enough, not intelligent enough to run things without the guidance of Him who created all things.

War, social upset, and economic confusion are the results of man's failure to hear and heed the words, "I am the Lord." God cannot do much with a complacent, self-satisfied, self-assured people.

I wish I had the power of both thought and expression to make you see and feel deeply what the recognition of God as the Lord could do for this broken and distracted world. In it is a power strong enough, intelligent enough, moral enough, great enough to overcome racial bitterness, narrow nationalism, and economic jealousies.

St. Augustine explained it centuries ago when he said that without adherence to God, there can be no purity, stability, or permanence in the life of the nation.

Prayer: Creator and Ruler of mankind, thou who art the source of our confidence, our strength, and our hope, we bow in humble recognition of thee as Lord. Do thou fill us with thy divine passion to uplift the weak and to sweep away oppression and wrong, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—FELTHAM S. JAMES

JULY 26

Having gifts that differ according to the grace given to us, let us use them: if prophecy, in proportion to our faith.—Romans 12:6

SOME years ago a frail little woman was taken on a cruise to restore her health. During the trip her husband died suddenly. She came back to face the tremendous responsibility of rearing 10 children. Then she lost two of her four sons in the war. Yet, she amazed everyone with her indomitable spirit.

The secret of her strength was that she used her iron will to stir up God's gift within her and that she kept refueling her mind with her faith.

Paul, in our verse, underscores Jesus' profound emphasis on the stewardship of gifts as portrayed through the parable of the talents (Matthew 25:14-30).

If a man has yielded his life to Jesus Christ, it follows that the gifts that he has should be laid unselfishly on the altar of the service of God.

Often we may be tempted to think of ourselves as common clay; but as the ultra-clay of God is absorbed into our lives, we become keenly sensitive of our possible gift or gifts and the need of their development.

The mole that lives under the ground has eyes, but it cannot see. It has neglected to use what it has and nature has taken its natural revenge: outwardly its eyes are perfect, but inwardly the optic nerve is dead. Whether you are dealing with moles or with men, it is all the same: either you use or you will lose.

A part of the examination in preparation for ordination in the Methodist ministry is in the form of a question: "Have you faith in Christ?"

When we manifest faith in Christ, then power, guidance, and meaning in service fall into their rightful place.

Prayer: Eternal God, through whose grace our gifts are qualified, enable us with faith to proclaim the world of life in a world of death. Amen.

—THOMAS L. JONES

The *Gift* I Treasure Most

WHEN our fourth child was born, I hated to send our sitter, Mrs. Lewis, an announcement. I knew how little she could afford to send a gift; I also knew she was a generous woman who would go all out on one. What to do?

I shouldn't have worried. The gift Mrs. Lewis gave my baby (and us parents) cost little, yet is more precious than all the expensive gifts combined. Now I, too, send a "Mrs. Lewis gift" to friends with new babies. What is it? A different kind of scrapbook!

First, I paste in the announcement I've received. Then I include newspaper clippings of events which took place on the day the baby was born. Parents usually tell me they didn't even have time to read the paper that eventful day.

Just for fun, I clip the baby's horoscope, too. Of course, I include the birth announcement from the paper. It's amazing how many parents don't think to look for it on the vital-statistics page.

Next, in the library I look up the meaning of the baby's name. While I'm there, I find out what famous people were born on that same date. This information goes in the scrapbook, along with a brief account of some famous historical events which took place on that day.

Parents have been grateful to me for these scrapbooks; I know they're sincere because I was just as grateful to Mrs. Lewis.

—NANCY TALBERT

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

TOGETHER BOX 423 PARK RIDGE ILLINOIS

Letters

'The Time Is Now'

PAULINE E. COUNCIL
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Since I had seen the name of John C. Satterfield in national news coverage, I approached his portion of the Powwow, *What's Ahead for the Central Jurisdiction?* [April, page 19] with special interest.

As a child in the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South, I believed what I was taught about brotherhood. I realized soon enough that everyone did not believe it and, furthermore, that for those who did, expression of this belief was fraught with many problems.

I am fully aware that all peoples in the world suffer the ills of prejudice, but this does not lessen the evil, only increases it. Recently, someone has recognized even that education can do little to lessen these deep feelings.

As an attorney, Mr. Satterfield disappointed me because he wrote an article based on assumptions. He assumed first that he speaks for 2,809,592 members of the Southeastern Jurisdiction. Undoubtedly he does speak for some.

He also assumes that there will be force and coercion, both strong words which stimulate fear and uncertainty. He refers to communications and understanding. What does he think tossing words like "force" and "coercion" into honest discussion of this proposal does to communications and understanding?

The Methodist Church is trying to express its belief in brotherhood in the framework of its organization so our belief and structure are compatible. Surely no one is Pollyanna enough to think such structural change would make all problems of race disappear.

Mr. Satterfield and a great company of others are quite adept at missing the point. The point is: The time is now.

Who Forces Whom?

GORDON E. TASKER, *Pastor*
Glasco, Kans.

I read with interest the statement of Mr. John C. Satterfield in TOGETHER's April Powwow [*What's Ahead for the Central Jurisdiction*, page 19].

Probably Mr. Satterfield speaks the feelings of many white Southern Methodists. One question bothers me: If it is not right for one section of the church to force its will upon another section, how can the problem be resolved at all? It seems to me the Southern white Methodists wish to force their will upon the Negro and other sections of the church that want to integrate.

Whitefield As an Author

B. CLIFFORD HENDRICKS
Longview, Wash.

TOGETHER's May issue credited Benjamin Franklin with interest in George Whitefield's sermons [*175 Years of Service*, page 36].

In his autobiography, Franklin devotes a chapter to Whitefield, and his interest in the preacher is evident. He does concede, however, that Whitefield's writing ". . . from time to time gave great advantage to his enemies. Unguarded expressions, even erroneous opinions, delivered in preaching, might have been afterwards explained or qualified. . . . Or they might have been denied. But what is written stays put when what is merely spoken may be forgotten. So his critics attacked his writings violently and with such appearance of reason as to diminish the number of his followers and prevent their increase."

"I am of the opinion," said Franklin, "[that] if he had never written anything, he would have left behind a much more numerous and important following."

These quotations from Franklin's autobiography suggest that Whitefield did himself and his cause a disservice in allowing his sermons to be published.

An Attainable Goal?

WILBUR W. CARTER
Almond, Wis.

Commenting on the question, "Have beliefs altered through the years?" [see *Your Faith and Your Church*, April, page 54], Bishop Nall quotes a 1952 statement of Methodist bishops that the doctrine of Christian perfection is "God's loving purpose for us."

That is a fine ideal. But we might ask if he means to imply that perfection is a goal attainable on earth. Does anyone know a person who has attained that goal?

Paul states (Philippians 3:12) that he was not "already perfect." And John says, (1 John 1:8), "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves . . ."

Would any contemporary Christian arrogate to himself a status which the apostles admitted they did not attain?

Overhauling Overdue

BEN D. COSSMAN
Wheatland, Wyo.

I am glad to note that long overdue overhauling of *The Methodist Hymnal* [see *The Proposed Revised Hymnal: Some Things Old, Some Things New*, April, page 3] is being done. The hymnal has some wonderful, singable hymns, but there are more tuneless and unsingable ones than we can ever need.

Many times the preacher selects hymns to bolster his sermon without concern for the congregation's pleasure in singing.

Signs of Retrogression

JOHN M. CLAYTON, JR., *Organist*
West Grove, Pa.

I read with interest the article about the proposed hymnal.

From what I can see, the revised hymnal shows no marked signs of improvement over the 1935 version but does indicate retrogression.

Are there to be no musical settings for those congregations who desire liturgical services: matins, vespers, and evensong? Several settings could very easily be incorporated in the front of the hymnal, complete with musical responses, making the revision a hymnal *and* a service book.

It was thoughtful of the Hymnal Committee to "learn the mind of the church" through 22,000 questionnaires to local-church ministers. How many directors of music were consulted? Ministers can select texts adequately, but how many of them have solid background in hymnology?

The paragraph about lowering of tunes gave me quite a start. This is fine if we are to encourage unison hymn-singing, but what are the basses and altos in the choirs to do?

The inclusion of "folk hymnody" and the so-called "Gospel songs" is an insult to the intelligence! This is the 20th century; we cannot afford to cling to 19th-century ideas. Gone are the days of the horse and carriage, the wood range, and the penny postcard.

In planning a new hymnal, we should consider Methodists of the future, not of the present and the past. Musical expression is an integral part of a worship service. Why can we not have the best in our new hymnal and educate our members so that their musical tastes will be more than in their mouths?

Calling a Spade a Spade

A. C. MINEAR
Birmingham, Iowa

Dr. Barbour and all others who advocate the social dance, take note. Let us call a spade a spade. Or dare we?

The social dance [see *Dancing: In Church or Home?* June, page 68] is a sexual pleasure. A boy and girl in each other's arms on the dance floor find their sexual urges excited. Such urges all too often get beyond self-control. The results are seen in the statistics on teen-age pregnancies and venereal disease rates.

The chaperone is not the answer. Our good people should take the offensive and promote social activities that will not cause our youth to disregard the Seventh Commandment in this sexy age.

Christmas Roses Available

MRS. MYRTLE R. WALGREEN
Chicago, Ill.

I certainly did like the April issue. You did a beautiful job on *Flowers From Your Garden* [page 35].

If your advertisers get as good response as I did from this article, I am sure they will be with you for a long time. The Christmas roses particularly attracted attention. I can't tell you how many requests I had from TOGETHER subscribers, some asking where the roses can be bought and some asking whether I sell them, which of course I don't.

I have seen them advertised in one nursery catalog—that of the Wayside Garden, Mentor, Ohio. I have given this name to those who have written to me, but perhaps other readers will be interested, too.

A Personal 'Miracle'

MRS. T. H. CUNNINGHAM
Lexington, Ohio

How thrilled I was to see the enlightening article by Kenneth N. Anderson, *The New Miracle Word in Medicine: Transplant* [April, page 27]!

I am able to see today only because two generous people, unknown to me, donated their eyes at the time of death, enabling me to have two corneal transplants. I was brought out of a world of near blindness to the beautiful, perfect world of 20-20 vision—out of a world of almost complete dependence upon others and inability to care for my three small children to a world in which I could once again lead an independent, active, and happy life with my family and friends.

Out of a heart overflowing with gratitude, I began giving a talk about my experience, not only the physical part of it but also the spiritual side which brought renewed appreciation of the blessings of life and renewed dedication to my Lord.

I still give this talk as many as four times a week, for I feel a tremendous responsibility to the 30,000 men, women, and children who could have their sight restored if corneal transplants were available. I am amazed to discover the great number of people who do not

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GOD THE OMNIPOTENT!

EVEN THOUGH Methodism's Hymn of the Month for July was written in the last century, its repeated petition, "Give to us peace in our time, O Lord," makes it a fitting prayer for the contemporary Christian.

God the Omnipotent! (No. 505 in *The Methodist Hymnal*) began to take shape in 1842 when an English author and music critic, Henry F. Chorley, wrote a hymn he called *In Time of War*. Strangely, it was a time of peace in England.

We have no clue whether Chorley believed that wars, like taxes, are inevitable, but the next chapter in the life of the hymn came in 1870, when the British watched from across the channel as French and Germans clashed in the Franco-Prussian War.

It was then that the Rev. John Ellerton, a priest of the Church of England, wrote a hymn the same length and style as Chorley's.

In the hymn as we now know it, the first and third verses are credited to Chorley, and the second and fourth to Ellerton. Some changes have been made through the years, but just when or by whom, no one seems to know.

The text provides an interesting study of the two writers, Professor Alfred B. Haas, hymnologist of Drew University Theological School, suggests. Chorley's stanzas are reminiscent of the Psalms, speaking of the greatness of God, his omnipotence, his righteousness and his kingly power. Ellerton, a kind and devoted minister who understood how men defy and forsake God, yet need him, stresses God's everlasting mercy and saving power and man's thankful praise.

Chorley's words were written to be sung to the tune called *Russian Hymn*. This music was composed at the command of Emperor Nicholas I, who was tired of the English tune that had been used for years as a stopgap melody for a Russian national anthem.

It was 1833 and the young Alexis Feodorovitch Lvov was reeling under the honor and "momentous duty" assigned to him of composing an anthem that would compare favorably with others around the world. Finally, late one night, he sat down and quickly wrote it out.

On November 23, 1833, the emperor and empress, two orchestras, and a large choir assembled in the court chapel. Nicholas asked to hear the tune several times—by the choir alone, by each orchestra in turn, and finally by the entire group.

After savoring it sufficiently, the Iron Czar pronounced it superb and presented Lvov with a diamond-studded gold snuffbox as a mark of imperial pleasure. He also ordered the words, "God protect the Czar," added to the armorial bearings of the Lvov family.

Today the czarist anthem is about the last thing you would hear in Communist Russia, except perhaps in Tchaikovsky's *Overture 1812*, where it appears briefly in apposition to the *Marseillaise*.

As a separate work, however, its immortality rests with an English hymn—an interesting twist for a melody originally composed to replace an English tune.

Perhaps Lvov would not be altogether despondent at the fate of his one lasting work, for when he was pondering the emperor's awesome assignment, he said, "I felt and fully appreciated the necessity of accomplishing . . . something worthy to reverberate in a church. . ."

And so it does—in many a church. Dr. Haas suggests that the reverberation be helped with an accompaniment of brass. "Such a tune," he says, "needs to march forth with the sound of trumpets."

—CAROL MULLER

God the Omnipotent *is one of 12 recorded for* Hymn of the Month, Album I, *by the Southern Methodist University choir. It is available from Cokesbury Book Stores or Service Centers at $3.50.* Album II, *recorded by the Albion College choir and containing the hymns chosen for December, 1964, through November, 1965, will go on sale in August.* —EDS.

realize the need and do not know how they can donate their eyes or, for that matter, other parts of their bodies.

Thank you for such a fine article in what we feel is an outstanding magazine!

Methodist Inconsistencies?

MRS. JOHN E. ECHOLS
Richwood, W.Va.

It is hard for me to understand the inconsistency of Methodism as I read it in the May issue of TOGETHER.

In *A Mandate to Meddle* [page 27] we are told, "Politics is one of the leading influences in everyone's life. Therefore, the church is under a *mandate to 'meddle'* in politics."

Yet, *The Church in Action* [*Separation of Church & State, What Does it Mean to Methodists?* page 3] tells us a Methodist commission has urged that church members "refrain from efforts which would contravene the (Supreme) Court's ruling" on prayer and Bible-reading in the public schools.

Nowhere do I find mention of the proposed constitutional amendment, H. J. 751, regarding voluntary prayer in public schools and references to God in our nation's public life. If adopted, this amendment would head off further suits to eliminate references to God in our pledge of allegiance, on our coins, the use of chaplains in the armed forces, prayers before governmental and public gatherings. H. J. 751 clearly states: "Nothing in this article shall constitute an establishment of religion."

I realize that the idea of separation of church and state makes it impossible for Methodism as a church to speak out concerning the proposed amendment, but I cannot understand why individual Methodists should stay silent.

TOGETHER speaks out on racial rights, the UN, health needs, labor situations, alcohol, and other problems with which our government is concerned. I approve of this. But mention of God—oh, no, refrain, please?

I cannot understand this attitude.

Church Not a Pressure Group

MRS. HARRY R. MAYO
Woman's Society of Christian Service
Missouri West Conference
Trenton, Mo.

Concerning *A Mandate to Meddle:* It is all very well "to bring the Christian Gospel to bear on the complex problems of today," but we should recognize that honest differences of opinion can exist without being "twisted tactics of extremists."

When the church takes a stand supporting one political party on political, social, and economic problems, it makes itself a pressure group for that party. Dedicated men who have studied these problems for years do not agree on

solutions. Are we as The Methodist Church to say which party has the right solutions? Are we to support the political faith of some of our members and condemn the political convictions of others?

If the church will show people how to apply Christian principles to their individual lives so that their attitudes and motivations are in keeping with their Christian convictions, then the members can be trusted to function "like a mighty army" even when differing on how to solve national problems. And some of those problems might disappear.

'Separation of God and State'

MRS. MARY S. RUDIN
Rutland, Vt.

Separation of church and state we have had in our nation for over 100 years. But separation of God and state started in 1962.

To deny anyone the privilege of praying when and where he wishes is an infringement of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or *prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . .*"

The prohibition of school prayers is a denial of the right to practice one's religion. Shall we teach our children that they may pray at home and at church but not in school? The Supreme Court ruled to protect the minority but took away from the majority what was their national heritage.

All who worship God—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—should rise up unitedly to retain our constitutional rights as the founding fathers intended. As for ecumenicity, there was never a greater challenge for all who acknowledge God as Lord to act together.

Best Plays Worthless?

JOHN L. PARISH, *Retired Minister*
Big Lake, Minn.

In commenting on *The Best Plays of 1962-1963,* Bishop Kennedy concludes by saying that the church is not entering the vacuum of our modern times with spiritual meaning. [See *Browsing in Fiction,* April, page 63.]

Perhaps if we would browse on a higher level, something constructive might come of it. Some things are worthless. But "whatsoever things are lovely" call to the Christian.

Mental Medicine

ROBERT KLIPFEL
Tuolumne, Calif.

I think *Treasures I Could Not See* by Caroline Henry [April, page 49] is especially worthwhile for the old to read as a mental medicine. We oldsters (I am 78) might be happier if we put aside our thoughts of past disappointments and displeasures. We would also be more popular if we would criticize less and be more tolerant of the opinions and deeds of others—especially the young.

To fellow oldsters, I would say: Let's quit looking back and thinking and talking of the "good old times." They were not as good as they seem to us now.

Coffee Table Display

GUY HARDEN
St. Joseph, Mo.

I have just written in the white space on the cover of our May TOGETHER, "See page 13!" [*Pretty Names for Ugly Sins* by Roy L. Smith.]

Persons coming into our home will see the magazine displayed face up on our coffee table, and some of them, I hope, will turn to this article and read it.

Alcoholics Need Understanding

JOYCE HOLMES, *R.N., M.A.*
Kansas City, Mo.

I feel I must respond to *Pretty Names for Ugly Sins* [May, page 13].

Jesus not only had a great compassion for mankind but he also advocated helping others to find God. When the alcoholic already feels inadequate, certainly condemnation of his state will not help him.

I am convinced that the alcoholic needs sympathetic understanding, a true conviction of his *strengths,* and the realization of success in coping with life. Faith and hope in God will be possible if he can realize he is not a completely worthless failure and he is given understanding guidance.

'No Other So Fine'

BENJAMIN H. SMITH, *Ret. Minister*
Atlanta, Ga.

Thank you for TOGETHER. No other publication I receive is nearly so fine in every respect. I have served my church for nearly 50 years and always have taken real pride in its publications.

When I read this magazine, I am proud I am a Methodist.

Orchids From an EUB

RAYMOND M. VEH, *Editor*
Builders *Magazine*
Harrisburg, Pa.

Orchids to TOGETHER on the presentation by Frederick E. Maser of *Our EUB Cousins* [May, page 20]. The data and facts should prove highly informing to your Methodist readers.

Our April 26 issue of *Builders,* the Evangelical United Brethren weekly youth magazine, includes a center-page spread on The Methodist Church and another article on Methodist "firsts." Illustrations show historic sites of Meth-

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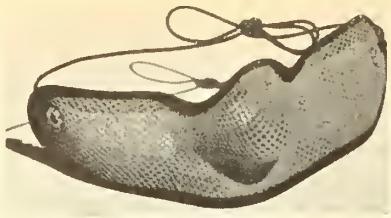

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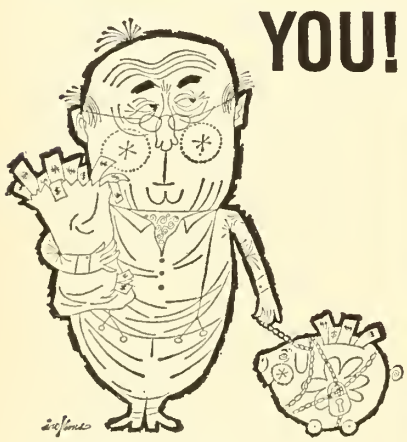

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odism and its new Board of Christian Social Concerns building to be erected in Washington, D.C.

To return the compliment, we have read with enthusiasm the Builders *articles to which Editor Veh refers. They will help "Our EUB Cousins" to understand us better.*—Eds.

Our Thanks for Plaudits

FLOYD L. CRANMER, JR., *Architect*
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Together is truly a beautiful magazine. I am particularly impressed with the consistently outstanding quality of your color pictures.

We enjoy the well-written and well-chosen articles.

Wanted: Boehm's Book

LEON N. BROWN
Springfield, Mass.

In the very interesting article, *Our EUB Cousins* [May, page 20], Frederick E. Maser refers to Henry Boehm, Methodist minister and traveling companion of Bishop Francis Asbury.

I do not recall the title, but Henry Boehm was the author of a book, published many years ago, recounting his travel experiences with the bishop. Years ago I read a copy of it which had belonged to my wife's grandfather, the Rev. William Picken, a lay preacher in New York. Later, I remembered its fine descriptions of Bishop Asbury's trips around the country, and I sought to reclaim it from my father-in-law. Alas, he reported it had been sold, and I have found no other copy. Does any Together reader know where a copy of the book is preserved?

She Likes the New Picture

MRS. MARY SELLECK
Chula Vista, Calif.

I think the new picture of Bishop Gerald Kennedy which Together published for the first time in May [see *Browsing in Fiction*, page 61] is quite an improvement over the one formerly used with his column.

Perhaps Bishop Kennedy is less photogenic than some other church leaders, but we in the Los Angeles Area are justly proud of him. We look past the wrinkles and see a great man.

I am in my 97th year and have enjoyed our Methodist publications for many years.

Bulletins Serve Two Ends

M. STANLEY BALLARD, *Pastor*
Malden, Ill.

I read with interest *A Bulletin for Collectors* [May, page 62]. It has been the custom in Malden Methodist Church whenever a member attends another church, regardless of the time of year, that he bring a bulletin and

Things You Needn't Bother to Tell Your Minister...

"YOUR sermon was especially fine this morning! Just what *they* needed to hear. . . ."

"Must be nice for the missus—always having you around to help with the household chores. . . ."

"How I do envy you! Must keep you young, taking the MYFers swimming and bowling and roller-skating. . . ."

"We can't possibly raise our pledge this year, what with time payments on the freezer and the new station wagon, the outboard motor, and the color television. . . ."

"Yes, it was a good show. But not for you and the missus, if you know what I mean. A little too worldly—get it? Heh, heh. . . ."

"That's quite true. Boys will be boys—but, after all, Reverend, we expect more of *your* children. . . ."

"Will you be up if I should call about ten o'clock tomorrow morning? I realize that you don't have office hours like us fellows. . . ."

"How does your wife feel about your calling on the ladies every afternoon?"

"You won't mind leaving the smoker right after you give the benediction, will you? I want to be sure that we understand each other—after all, we fellows have to have a *little* fun. . . ."

"Did I get you out of bed?"

"But Sunday's the only day you really put in a *full* day's work, isn't it, Reverend?"

These are not imaginary. All have been said—to my husband!

—Mary Hemeon Adkins

post it on the bulletin board in the church vestibule. This serves not only to inform our members of the activities of other churches but also to remind us that we are a part of a vast network of churches serving people wherever they are.

He Does Have a Choice

MARY K. ROATH
Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho

Harry F. Reiss, Jr., wrote in the May issue of TOGETHER that if The Methodist Church adopted a policy of total abstinence, he would have no alternative but to give up his church office [see *Temperance, Not Abstinence?* page 66].

I appreciate Mr. Reiss' honesty, but I submit that he does have a choice. He can either give up his church office or he can give up liquor.

Mr. Reiss Challenged

GEORGE M. ALBRIGHT, *President Board of Trustees*
Richards Street Methodist Church
Joliet, Ill.

In the May issue Mr. Harry F. Reiss, Jr., says, "Temperance is beneficial; abstinence may or may not be." I challenge him to cite a single instance in which abstinence is not beneficial.

He also hopes "that the General Conference will adopt the memorial which will indicate that we have caught up with the majority thinking and, more importantly, the majority practice."

If we adopt this philosophy for the settlement of moral issues, then we are indeed lost. Should we tell our children that anything is all right if a majority of the group does it? On fundamental principles there can be no compromise. Beverage alcohol is inherently evil, and no good can come from its use.

Alcoholism is one of our fastest growing moral problems. I have known many people who started with moderate drinking and became alcoholics. No one has yet known a total abstainer who became an alcoholic.

Three Cheers for Mr. Reiss

JOHN D. KIRK
Barnesville, Ohio

Three cheers for Mr. Harry F. Reiss, Jr. And three cheers to you for publishing his letter in the light of the backward position maintained by the entrenched minority who are in apparent control of The Methodist Church.

The official position of Methodism is analogous to that taken by another large Christian church on the matter of birth control. In both instances: (1) church officials who dictate policy are living in a dream world far removed from reality; (2) the policy does not reflect the thinking or practice of a majority of members; (3) the stand makes hypocrites out of this majority if they venture to share in the work of the church; (4) other doctrines of the church become suspect that they, too, are unrealistic; (5) much ado is made over a matter that Jesus did not even mention.

I would question Mr. Reiss' position at only one point. Is the obligation greater for the majority of Methodists to get out of their church—or for the Victorian minority either to modernize their thinking or make way for those who want to face the challenge of this day?

Methodism's historic position for total abstinence was reaffirmed by the 1964 General Conference. An effort by some delegates to temper that stand by recognizing "that sincere Christians may differ" on the alcohol question was defeated.—EDS.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Preparation *vs.* Pitfalls: The vacation-bound photographer must make ample preparations for his holiday or he will find pitfalls on his path to good pictures.

A camera that has been idle all winter will need a careful cleaning. A syringe will blow dust from the inside, and photographic lens tissue will clean the lens. (But *never* use the tissue prepared for eye glasses; the silicones in them will scratch the lens.)

Check the shutter by clicking it a few times on each speed setting; it will behave better if this is done often. Limit your film purchases to one emulsion. This way your dealer can give you film from one lot. Expose a roll and have it developed before leaving on your trip. This permits you to check the accuracy of the recommended speed index and to see how your equipment performs.

If you plan to take indoor shots, test your flash gun—and play safe, buy new batteries.

Keep your extra film in a cool place. Motorists will find the trunk of their car best (and so much the better if the car has a light color to reflect the heat). A glove compartment becomes too hot.

Keep your camera with you at all times, and it won't be lost or stolen. It also is readily available should a good picture present itself.

If you own a camera with a cloth focal-plane shutter, beware of leaving it where the sun can hit the lens and burn a hole in the shutter. Such an accident can be costly, besides ending your picture-taking and marring your vacation.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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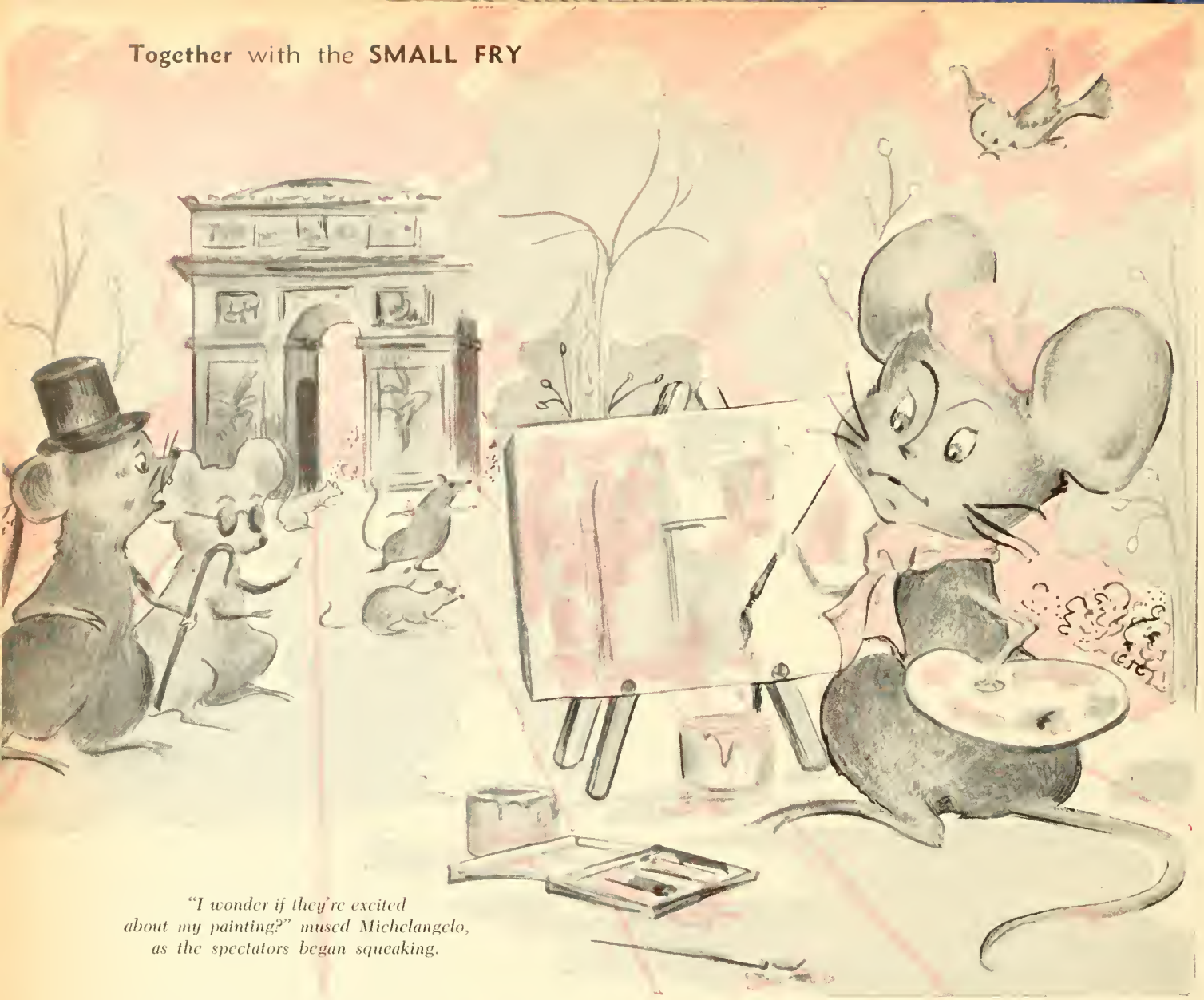

"I wonder if they're excited about my painting?" mused Michelangelo, as the spectators began squeaking.

Michelangelo Mouse

By MARY LAIRD TAXARA

MICHAEL Mouse lived with his family in a wall overlooking the wharves of New York City.

One day Michael decided what he wanted to be when he grew up—a great artist. He thought being an artist must be the most exciting life in the world—even more exciting than finding a big piece of American cheese.

The reason he thought this was because Grandfather Mouse, who had once lived in the Louvre, the big art museum in Paris, France, told wonderful tales about the lovely paintings he had seen, and about Paris, where many artists live.

Michael wheedled and pleaded until his mother bought him a paint box and some paper, and a fancy red beret, and a colorful flowered ascot.

"From now on," he announced, "call me Michelangelo Mouse. I am going to be a great artist." And he sat himself down to paint.

But something was wrong. His straight lines were wavy, and his curved lines were humpy. His colors all ran together, and the brush sometimes splattered paint all over him.

Then he understood why. To be a great artist, he must go to Paris, of course!

"You don't just *decide* to become an artist, Michael, or Michelangelo," counseled Grandfather Mouse. "It takes more than that. . . ."

But Michael, or Michelangelo, didn't wait to hear the rest of grandfather's wisdom. He grabbed his paint box and his paper and dashed onto the wharf where he found a ship bound for France. He scrambled up a rope and snuggled down in a lifeboat not too far from the galley where meals were cooked.

After the ship had sailed awhile, there rose a great commotion, and people began to leave down the gangplank, along with their luggage.

This must be France, thought Michelangelo, so, after the people had passed, he walked down the gangplank and looked about.

"Hello," said Michelangelo to some French mice watching the ships dock. "My name is Michelangelo, and I've come from America to be a great

Where Was Bob?

BOB went to an interesting place today, but he wants you to guess where it was. You can find out by filling in the missing letters below to complete the names of 14 animals. When you've filled in the missing letters, read them from top to bottom.

__ O B C A T
__ T T E R
__ E A R

__ O L F
__ N T E L O P E
__ K U N K

__ N T E A T E R
__ I G E R

__ A P I R
__ Y E N A
__ L E P H A N T

__ E B R A
__ P O S S U M
__ C E L O T

—Chauncey Mobberly

Answers to puzzles:
Name the Month: July, November, October, February, December.
Where Was Bob?: Bob was at the zoo.

Name the Month

"What month am I thinking of?" asked Earl.
"See the flag I carry and unfurl."

"In my birthday month," said Kay,
"We all eat turkey on one special day."

"A goblin, a pumpkin, and a witch
Are in what autumn month?" asked Mitch.

"In my favorite month," said Bea,
"We think of a famous cherry tree."

"Holly and carols and mistletoe
Make the best month of all," said Flo.

—Melba Baehr

My Hands

I use my hands in many ways:
To wave "hello," to work, to play.
But help me, Lord, not to forget
To use my hands each day to pray.

—Jane Porter Meier

artist." But the French mice just looked at him. Then one poked his snout against Michelangelo's snout and said:

"Par-lay voo Fran-say?" Of course, everyone knows that this means "Do you speak French?" But Michelangelo hadn't thought about having to speak French in France.

"No matter," Michelangelo told himself as he backed off. "First I must go to Paris to become great." So away he went, scampering through the streets of Le Havre until he saw a signpost that said "Paris," and he followed where the arrow pointed.

When he finally arrived in Paris, he was pretty tired and hungry. But every time he asked where he might find food, a French mouse asked: *"Par-lay voo Fran-say?"*

"No matter." Michelangelo told himself, "as soon as I become great, they'll shower me with delicacies."

So he found a nice spot on the Avenue de Champs Élysées where he had a good view of the Arc de Triomphe—and the French mice of the neighborhood had a good view of him. He opened his paint box, set his paper on his knee, and began to paint.

But something was wrong. His straight lines were just as wavy, and his curved lines were just as humpy as they were at home in America. His colors still ran together, and the brush splattered paint all over him.

"Oh, dear," moaned Michelangelo Mouse. "Coming to Paris hasn't helped at all. I should have listened to the rest of Grandfather's wisdom."

Just then there was a great squeaking among the mice who were watching him paint.

"Sha! Sha!" they squeaked. Of course, everyone except Michelangelo knew that this meant "cat."

"I wonder if they're excited about my painting," mused Michelangelo. Then he saw the biggest, toughest-looking tom cat he'd ever seen in his life, and it was coming right at him.

Michael forgot about becoming a great artist. He dropped his paints and paper and scampered for his life. He didn't even pause to say *"O-vwoir Par-ee"*—if he had known how to say it. He kept right on running until he got back to the port of Le Havre, scrambled up a rope to a ship that was headed back to America, snuggled down in a lifeboat near the galley, and waited until it docked in New York City.

His mother was so glad to see him she didn't even scold him. But Grandfather Mouse gave him a good talking to.

"You see, Michael," said Grandfather sternly, "just going to Paris didn't make you an artist. It takes more than that—like long years of study, and having the courage to keep on in spite of every discouragement—even cats.

"Of course," Grandfather added, with a twinkle in his eye, "a little talent helps, too." □

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

Try to visualize the scene . . . You are driving in a Connecticut rain storm. Suddenly you notice a magnificent red maple tree in a certain lawn. There's a man under the tree. He's wearing blue swim trunks, and he's out watering his lawn in the rain. What's more, the liquid pouring from his watering can is—*blue*!

"Drivers whizzing past on the well-traveled road must have thought me eccentric, to say the least," says ***Crawford Benedict***. "However, there was method in my madness. The blue powder (mixed with the water) was Copper A, which kills off the fungus causing root rot."

Mr. Benedict: He waters grass in the rain.

Mr. Benedict, whose well was almost dry, did not mind getting drenched; he knew the rain would carry the tree-saving chemical down into the soil. He loves trees, knows that a civilization can crumble when its trees are gone, and believes that we should take drastic steps to save America's woodlands that remain. The author of *Let's Stop Urban Sprawl* [page 16] is so nature conscious that he gave up a 12-year career as a Madison Avenue advertising and promotion writer, put his gray flannels away, and became an independent state-licensed tree expert.

You may have noticed that nature and conservation have quite a few friends in this issue. ***Paul E. Goff***, author of *Nature Lesson From the Blind* [page 39], majored in wildlife conservation before receiving his Science in Agriculture degree from Ohio State University in 1958. He tells us that he's a member of the Association of Interpretive Naturalists, that his hobbies are writing, hiking, camping, and nature study.

A look at **this month's cover**, which typifies "urban sprawl," reveals one reason so many of our God-given natural beauty spots are disappearing. It so happens that the photograph was made near Toronto, Canada, but millions of us in the United States know what it is to find once-beautiful woodlands now sealed off under asphalt and concrete. But the picture is not completely black. The ***Charles Broughtons*** of Morris, Pa. [see *Small-Town Postmaster-Barber*, page 45] do not have to worry—not for the present, at least; and visitors to our great national parks and forests find them providentially secure from bulldozer and lumberman's saw [see *3 National Parks Were His Circuit*, page 31].

Nature lovers in Alaska's wild, new country are ***Phyllis Carlson*** and ***Yule Chaffin*** of Kodiak, coauthors of *A Gift of Gratitude* [page 41]. Both have written numerous articles extolling Alaska's natural beauty and people. Mrs. Carlson went there as a schoolteacher some 30 years ago—"All eight grades, a little log schoolhouse in an isolated Alaskan village." Her collaborator, Mrs. Yule Chaffin, taught army and navy cadets at flying schools during World War II; both she and her husband went to Alaska as airways operations specialists after the war. Now she has given that up for home and family. She writes: "My new career in writing does not interfere with family life and promises to be rewarding."—YOUR EDITORS

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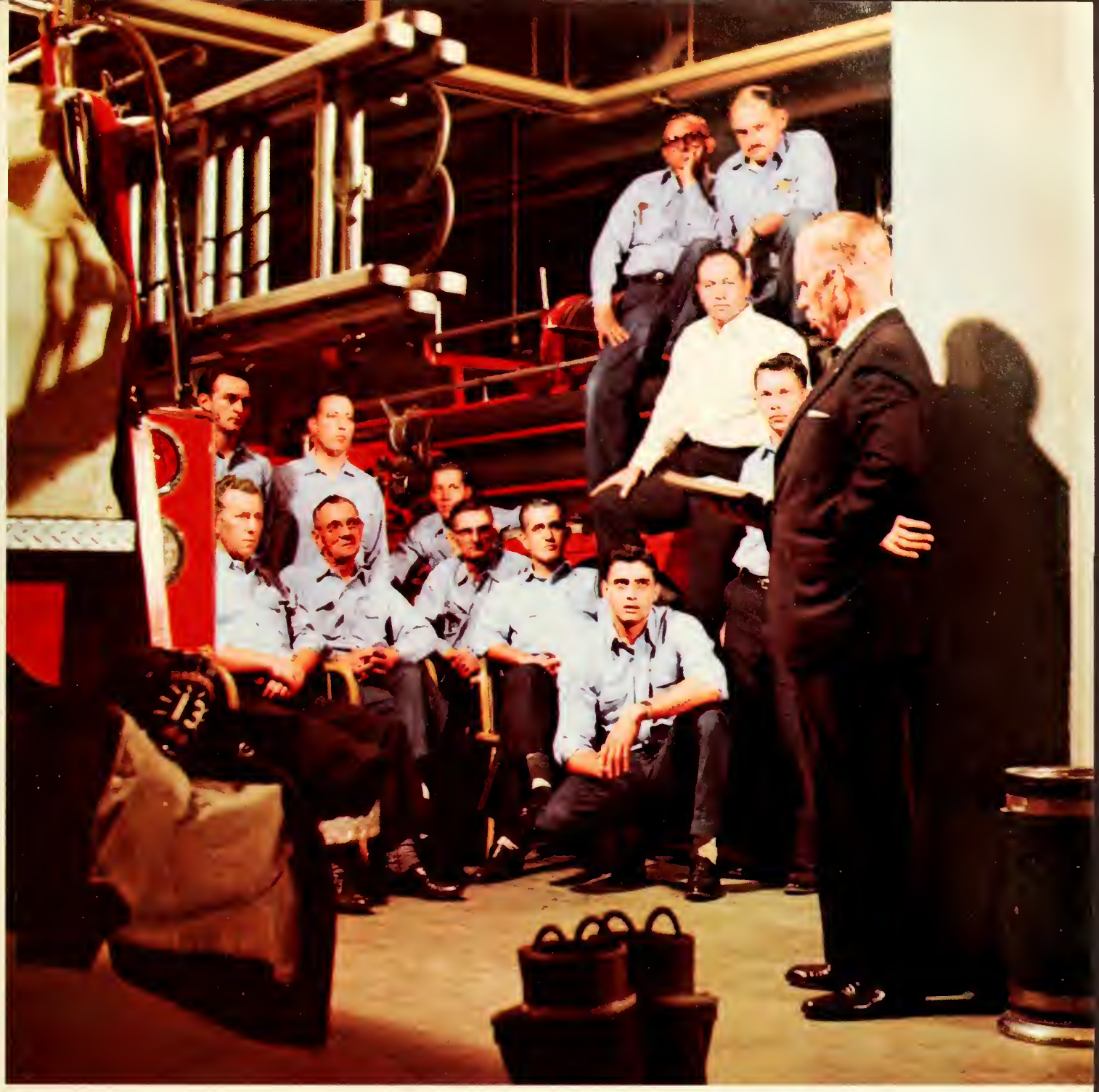


Sunday-school class: The firemen are ready should bells clang and sirens wail. Their teacher is Ancel E. Smith.

Firehouse Bible Class

WHEN THE fire alarm sounded during Scripture-reading that Sunday morning in Nashville, Tenn., the captain told the teacher: "Wait for us! It's an automobile fire. We'll be back in 12 minutes." The big red engine roared out of the firehall, returned on schedule; the teacher took up his Bible again, and class was resumed. Seldom, however, does fire interrupt the nondenominational engineside services sponsored in 10 municipal firehalls by Nashville's historic, downtown McKendree Methodist Church.

Credit for originating the five-year-old program goes to Ancel E. Smith, a lay leader and insurance firm executive, who teaches one of the classes. "The idea," he explains, "is to bring a Christian lesson to men who want to attend regular worship services, but cannot because of their duties."

Congo book van: Here Methodists join others in interdenominational publishing.

As literacy increases around the world, thousands of new readers are eager to hear their own voices. To help meet this new hunger for knowledge through the printed word . . .

Methodist Presses Are Rolling Overseas

A TRAVELER, skirting Red China and the Soviet Union, could circle the globe and remain within the circulation areas of Methodist publications in more than a score of languages. The church's tradition of printing and publishing, now worldwide, goes back more than two centuries to its founder, John Wesley. The Methodist Publishing House in the United States, observing 175 years of service to the church, is oldest and largest in continuous operation—but another in India is runner-up with 103 years.

"Lucknow Publishing House prints many books, and magazines," says Indian Bishop Gabriel Sundaram. "*The Upper Room* is printed in Hindi, Urdu, Telugu, and Tamil. We have a women's publication in Bengali. We also print Bibles in many languages."

Lucknow's well-equipped, modern plant is prepared to meet the challenge of increasing literacy, up 16 percent in 10 years. But Communists, well aware of this, are importing twice as much printed material as the Christian church now produces.

"There are millions whose minds are suddenly opened through the ability to read," says a Methodist Board of Missions spokesman in New York. "It is a race against time, a race to see who is going to provide

quickly enough and in the largest quantities the books that are going to feed the open minds of people in Africa and Asia."

Like its counterpart in India, Central Mission Press in Johannesburg, South Africa, is looking to the Board of Missions for aid in improving and expanding its printing facilities. As official publishing organization of Methodism for all Africa south of the Sahara, Central Press produces printed material in 15 languages for Angola, Southern Rhodesia, South Africa, Mozambique, and the Congo. Supplementing this output is that of LECO (La Librairie Evangelique au Congo) in Léopoldville, an interdenominational organization in which Methodists play a major role.

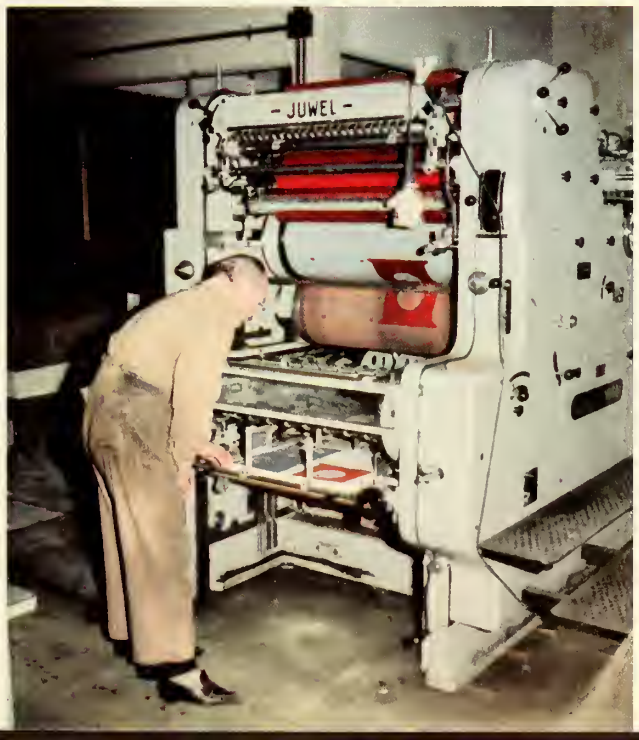
"We co-operate with all the larger missions in the union bookstore and press," says James R. Stevenson, Methodist missionary loaned to LECO. "Last year we printed 31 books and 4 quarterlies; we also began a monthly tabloid and did work for various churches and missions. We distribute through three branch stores, by mail order, and a new book van."

The Methodist Church heavily supports Lit-Lit (the Committee on World Literacy and Christian Literature of the National Council of Churches) which recognizes that "the task of Christian education and nurture is far too big to be handled by word of mouth alone."

Expected to share some 3 million Lit-Lit dollars is Methopress of Argentina which prints and circulates Christian literature in Spanish throughout Latin America and Spain. Bishop Sante Uberto Barbieri of Argentina, for 20 years the editor of one publication, says Methopress averages 2 books a month, along with some 35 magazines for several denominations.

Concentrating on publications in Portuguese is the Methodist Publishing House in São Paulo, Brazil, according to Robert Davis, lay missionary who serves as treasurer of the Board of Missions in Brazil. Like many publishing houses abroad, São Paulo's was founded through the Board of Missions, still looks to the board for financial aid, but works through an autonomous church. "For years São Paulo labored under financial problems, but now is showing a profit," Mr. Davis said.

There are other printing and publishing agencies of the church overseas: in Lodja, Congo, and Old Umtali, Southern Rhodesia; in Tokyo, Japan, and Seoul, Korea; in Mexico City and in Frankfurt am Main, Germany; in Oslo, Norway, and Zurich, Switzerland. Smaller operations—some of the one-press variety are in North Sumatra and West Pakistan. These, too, share a worldwide responsibility at a time when the outlook for Methodism's ministry of the printed word was never better—nor the challenge ever greater.



Top: The highly literate Japanese throng this Tokyo bookstore of the Christian Literature Society. Center: In Oslo, Reidar Thomassen, editor and publisher, is at work in a building housing both a Methodist bookstore and printing plant. Bottom: A new press in Argentina.

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